

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXII. }

No. 1771.—May 25, 1878.

{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXVII.

CONTENTS.

I. LECKY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,"	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	451
II. MACLEOD OF DARE. By William Black. Part IX.,	<i>Advance Sheets,</i>	471
III. FROM THE QUIRINAL TO THE VATICAN,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	479
IV. THE COMET,	<i>Argosy,</i>	488
V. THE APOLLO BELVEDERE,	<i>New Quarterly Review,</i>	496
VI. CANOSSA,	<i>Cornhill Magazine,</i>	504
VII. RETROSPECTIVE SYMPATHY,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	510

POETRY.

SORROW ON THE SEA,	450	SUNSET,	450
------------------------------	-----	-------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

An extra copy of THE *LIVING AGE* is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

Single Numbers of THE *LIVING AGE*, 13 cents.

SORROW ON THE SEA.

"There is sorrow on the sea—it cannot be quiet."
Jer. xlix. 23.

The following fine poem, written by the late Captain M. A. S. Hare, of the "Eurydice," in a friend's album some years since, will be read with mournful interest.

I STOOD on the shore of the beautiful sea,
As the billows were roaming wild and free;
Onward they came with unfailing force,
Then backward turned in their restless course;
Ever and ever sounded their roar,
Foaming and dashing against the shore;
Ever and ever they rose and fell,
With heaving and sighing and mighty swell;
And deep seemed calling aloud to deep,
Lest the murmuring waves should drop to sleep.

In summer and winter, by night and by day,
Thro' cloud and sunshine holding their way;
Oh! when shall the ocean's troubled breast
Calmly and quietly sink into rest?

Oh! when shall the waves' wild murmuring
cease,
And the mighty waters be hushed to peace?

It cannot be quiet—it cannot rest;
There must be heaving on ocean's breast;
The tide must ebb, and the tide must flow,
Whilst the changing seasons come and go.
Still from the depths of that hidden store
There are treasures tossed up along the shore;
Tossed by the billows—then seized again—
Carried away by the rushing main.
Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea!
Sounding forever mysteriously,
Why are thy billows still rolling on,
With their wild and sad and musical tone?
Why is there never repose for thee?
Why slumberest thou not, O mighty sea?

Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,
Mournfully, solemnly—sounding near,
Like a wail sent up from the caves below,
Fraught with dark memories of human woe,
Telling of loved ones buried there,
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer;
Telling of hearts still watching in vain
For those who shall never come again;
Of the widow's groan, the orphan's cry,
And the mother's speechless agony.
Oh, no, the ocean can never rest
With such secrets hidden within its breast.
There is sorrow written upon the sea,
And dark and stormy its waves must be;
It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep,
That dark, relentless, and stormy deep.

But a day will come, a blessed day,
When earthly sorrow shall pass away,
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.
Then out from its deepest and darkest bed
Old Ocean shall render up her dead,
And, freed from the weight of human woes,
Shall quietly sink in her last repose.

No sorrow shall ever be written then
On the depths of the sea or the hearts of men,
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,
Still clothed in glory and light divine.
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?
Gone! for in heaven shall be "no more sea,"
'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth,
That cannot share in the soul's "new birth;"
'Tis a life of murmur and tossing and spray
And at resting-time it must pass away.

But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,
There is health and joy and blessing in thee:
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice,
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice—
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;
Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed,
Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;
Weep for the sin, the sorrow, and strife
And rejoice in the hope of eternal life.

Naval and Military Gazette.

SUNSET.

MELODY to ancient air
Has touched my soul. O nand so fair
That hymned it forth,
In the golden sunset there,
Of noble worth!

Feeble, poor, and old am I.
What is this life? Alas, how nigh
Seemed it to fate;
When the song I used to try
Came whispering late.

Tears are gauge of purest mind,
Drop e'en a few the maimed and blind:
I loved that song—
Mother sang it, and the wind
Swept soft along.

As I think of saintly face,
The touch of tender, loving grace,
I silent turn
Where the sunbeams leapt—no trace
To find, no bourne.

So leave I the sunset song,
And hie me home to where I long
To bow my head;
Blessed the hand that struck among
Chords long since dead,

Bringing back the golden time
Of love and hope in its familiar rhyme;
The corn in ear—
Breath of the bee-swarmed, murmuring lime,
To cottage dear.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Quarterly Review.

LECKY'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE history of England in the eighteenth century comprises momentous events and brilliant episodes,—the age of Queen Anne with its galaxy of statesmen and wits, the victories of Marlborough, the legislative union with Scotland, the secure establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne, the final collapse of the Jacobite cause at Culloden, the splendid administration of Chatham, the loss of our American colonies, the more than compensating rise of our Indian empire, and the culminating period of Parliamentary eloquence as represented by the two Pitts and their contemporaries. But the eighteenth century is not marked out or placed in broad relief by any of those startling subversive movements or occurrences which give sometimes an elevating and sometimes a lurid grandeur to its predecessors. It presents nothing like the desolating Wars of the Roses, or the Reformation, or the religious struggles under Elizabeth, or the great Rebellion, or the Revolution of 1688. Its chief value and interest consist in its containing and (to the discriminating inquirer) unfolding the germs from which the England of 1700 has gradually, quietly, almost imperceptibly grown into the England of to-day. To Mr. Lecky must be assigned the high and distinctive merit of having been amongst the first to see this, and the first to undertake the task of explaining or indicating the causes and processes by which the most remarkable changes in our system of government, or the constitution of our society, during the entire period in question, have been brought about. His plan is stated in his preface.

I have not attempted to write the history of the period I have chosen year by year, or to give a detailed account of military events or of the minor personal and party incidents which form so large a part of political annals. It has been my object to disengage from the great mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which in-

dicates some of the more enduring features of national life. The growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the democracy, of the Church and of Dissent, of the agricultural, the manufacturing, and the commercial interests; the increasing power of Parliament and of the press; *the history of political ideas, of art, of manners, and of belief; the changes that have taken place in the social and economical condition of the people; the influences that have modified national character;* the relations of the mother country to its dependencies, and the causes that have accelerated or retarded the advancement of the latter, form the main subjects of this book.

The subjects to which the greater part of the ensuing remarks will be devoted, are those mentioned in the passages we have italicized; but, before coming to them, we propose to take a cursory view of some political questions which Mr. Lecky has done his best to elucidate.

His opening paragraph is a condensed recapitulation of the political vicissitudes undergone from the Revolution of 1688 to the Reform Bill of 1832 by the two great parties, Whig and Tory, between which the whole country was once divided, much as it is divided between Liberal and Conservative now. "There is one theory," he proceeds, "on the subject of those vicissitudes to which it is necessary briefly to advert, for it has been advocated by an historian of great eminence, has been frequently repeated, and has, in some respects, considerable plausibility." The historian of great eminence is the late Earl Stanhope, who unfolds and lays marked stress on the theory in an introductory passage of his history.

It is very remarkable that, in Queen Anne's reign, the relative meaning of these terms (Whig and Tory) was not only different, but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory indeed the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal encroachment. It may thence, perhaps, be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or to the Tory party, according as there seemed to be the greatest danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712

* *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. 1 and 2. London, 1878.

would have been a Tory in 1830. For, on examination, it will be found that in nearly all particulars a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig.

The facts on which Lord Stanhope principally relies are, that the Tories of Queen Anne's time assailed Marlborough during the French war, as the Whigs during the Peninsular war assailed Wellington; that the Tories upheld, whilst the Whigs opposed, free-trade principles at the peace of Utrecht; that the Whigs were the principal authors of the penal laws against the Catholics, the repeal of which subsequently became a standard article of their creed; that the Tories were for short Parliaments and an extension of the suffrage when the Whigs were carrying the Septennial Act and resisting all approach to what was afterwards their rallying cry under the name of Parliamentary reform; that, in financial reform again, the Whigs, for more than half a century, were untrue to their principles by refusing to concur in place bills or pension bills proposed or promoted by their antagonists.

Admitting the plausibility of the case as stated by Lord Stanhope, Mr. Lecky replies:—

I think, however, that a more careful examination will sufficiently show that, in spite of these appearances, the ground for assuming this inversion of principles is very small. The main object of the Whig party in the early part of the eighteenth century was to establish in England a system of government in which the will of the people as expressed by Parliament should be supreme, and the power of the monarch should be subject to the limitations it imposed. The substitution of a Parliamentary title for divine right as the basis of the throne, and the assertion of the right of the nation to depose a dynasty which had transcended the limits of the constitution, were the great principles for which the Whigs were contending. They involved or governed the whole system of Whig policy, and they were assuredly in perfect accordance with its later developments. The Tory party, on the other hand, under Queen Anne was to a great extent, and under George I. was almost exclusively, Jacobite. The overwhelming majority of its members held fervently the doctrines of

the divine rights of kings and of the sinfulness of all resistance, and they accordingly regarded the power of Parliament as altogether subordinate to that of a legitimate king. The difference of dynasties was thus not merely a question of persons, but a question of principles. Each dynasty represented a whole scheme of policy or theory of government, the one being essentially Tory and the other essentially Whig. The maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne was, therefore, very naturally the supreme aim of the Whig party. They adopted whatever means they thought conducive to its attainment, and in this simple fact we have the key to what may appear the aberrations of their policy.

Prominent amongst these means was the Septennial Act, carried by the Whigs, because they believed that a dissolution immediately after the accession of George I. and the Rebellion of 1715, would imperil the dynasty, would wreck the State vessel in which their political fortunes and principles were embarked. In like manner they passed penal laws against the Catholics so long as Catholic was another name for Jacobite, and labored unremittingly for the repeal of those laws when all fear of a divided allegiance was at end. Except when they were warped aside by paramount considerations of expediency, both parties were tolerably faithful to their creeds. The Whigs were always with the Dissenters, the Tories with the Church. The strength of the one always lay in the landed gentry and the country: that of the other in the commercial classes and the towns.

A striking specimen of Mr. Lecky's peculiarity of view and mode of treatment is presented by his inquiry into the immediate causes of the Revolution of 1688; from which it would appear that he inclines towards the historical school of Voltaire, who was fond of tracing up great events to accidents, like the delay (by the casting of a horseshoe) of the courier from Rome, whose timely arrival might have prevented Henry VIII.'s breach with the papacy and have indefinitely postponed the Reformation. The opposite theory was shadowed out by Lord Macaulay in one of the most splendid of his rhetorical amplifications: "The sun illuminates the hills whilst it is yet below the horizon,

and truth is discovered by the highest minds a little before it becomes manifest to the multitude. This is the extent of their superiority. They are the first to catch and reflect a light, which without their assistance must, in a short time, be visible to those who lie far beneath them. The same remark will apply equally to the fine arts." The same remark, so far as it is well founded, will apply to political and social progress.

Whoever [says Mr. Lecky] will study the history of the downfall of the Roman republic; of the triumph of Christianity in the Roman Empire; of the dissolution of that empire; of the mediæval transition from slavery to serfdom; of the Reformation, or of the French Revolution, may easily convince himself that each of these great changes was the result of a long series of religious, social, political, economical, and intellectual causes, extending over many generations. So eminently is this the case, that some distinguished writers have maintained that the action of special circumstances and of individual genius, efforts, and peculiarities, counts for nothing in the great march of human affairs, and that every successful revolution must be attributed solely to the long train of intellectual influences that prepared and necessitated its triumph.

It is not difficult, however, to show that this, like most very absolute historical generalizations, is an exaggeration, and several instances might be cited in which a slight change in the disposition of circumstances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history. There are, indeed, few streams of tendency, however powerful, that might not, at some early period of their career, have been arrested or deflected.

The stream of tendency, he thinks, was entirely in favor of James, and against William, when it was deflected by consummate statesmanship on the part of William and folly amounting to fatuity on the part of James. "By a very rare concurrence of circumstances a form of government was established and maintained in England, for which the mass of the people were intellectually wholly unprepared." So far was this form of government from being easily consolidated or gaining ready adaptation from being tried, that a quarter of a century later the res-

toration of the Stuarts hung upon a thread. Like the refusal of the Comte de Chambord to give up the white flag, the refusal of the Pretender to give up his religion was the chief, almost the sole, bar to the fullest realization of his hopes.

Accumulated proofs are adduced by Mr. Lecky to show that Jacobites and Hanoverians were agreed upon this point. Robethon, a secretary of the embassy at Hanover, wrote in January, 1712-13: "The Pretender, on the slightest appearance of pretended conversion, might ruin all—the religion, the liberties, the privileges of the nation." "The best part of the gentry and half the nobility," wrote a Jacobite in 1712, "are resolved to have the king, and Parliament would do it in a year if it could be believed he had changed his religion." "I am convinced," wrote the Duke of Buckingham in July 1712, "that if Harry [the king] would return to the Church of England all would be easy. Nay, from what I know, if he would but barely give hopes he would do so, my brother [Queen Anne] would do all he can to leave him his estate."

The Pretender, highly to his honor, stood firm. He would not palter with his conscience, or make a show of paltering with it, for a throne. In March, 1714, when Queen Anne was dying, and a crisis was at hand which he could have swayed by a word, he answered with his own hand a reiterated entreaty by saying: "I neither want counsel nor advice to remain unalterable in my fixed resolution of never dissembling my religion; but rather to abandon all than act against my conscience and honor, cost what it will . . . How could ever my subjects depend upon me or be happy under me if I should make use of such a notorious hypocrisy to get myself amongst them?"

Even this did not discourage his partisans, and Mr. Lecky thinks that when Bolingbroke, after the dismissal of Oxford on July 27, 1714, proceeded to sketch the outlines of a ministry almost exclusively Jacobite, "there is every reason to believe that such a ministry, supported by the queen, presided over by a statesman eminently skilful, daring, and unscrupulous, and disposing of all the civil and military

administration of the country, could, in the existing condition of England, have effected the restoration of the Stuarts." Bolingbroke subsequently declared that, so well taken were his measures, only six weeks were required to place matters in a condition which would have left him nothing to fear. The commanding position which justified this language had been obtained by artfully playing one female favorite against another; and that position, with all the startling consequences involved in it — the change of a dynasty, the overthrow of a constitution that has since become the envy of the world — depended on a contingency which no human foresight or prudence could anticipate or control. The chances fell out against him. The first meeting of the council after Bolingbroke's accession to the premiership, held in the presence of the queen, was too much for her. She left it, saying to those about her that she should never survive the scene: she fell into a state of stupor, in which she remained till she died on August 1st. On the 3rd, Bolingbroke wrote to Swift: "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday: the queen died on Sunday! What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!"

A recent article on the "Age of Queen Anne" * relieves us from the necessity of dwelling further on the leading events and prominent features of her reign as sketched or summarized by Mr. Lecky. He pauses at the accession of George I. for an analysis of the Whig party, including the aristocracy, the commercial classes, and the Nonconformists.

Fully recognizing, perhaps rather exaggerating, the disadvantages of a titled and landed aristocracy, especially the false estimate of men and things, the servile and sycophantic dispositions, the tuft-hunting, the vulgarity of thought and feeling it tends to foster in the community, Mr. Lecky thinks that these are more than counterbalanced by its advantages, and declares it to be indispensable to our mixed form of government, in which

orders and degrees

Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

The Whig aristocracy was clearly the mainstay of the new dynasty; but Lord Beaconsfield's favorite notion, that they aimed at and to a great extent succeeded in reducing the two first Hanoverian kings of England to the condition of a Venetian doge, is in flat contradiction to the facts.

The most influential men of these reigns were Walpole and the first Pitt, who neither of them relied on the great families. When Pitt's voice was swaying the House of Commons and resounding through the country, it was virtually the voice of the people; what gave him resistless sway was the public at his back; whilst Walpole's long tenure of office was owing to the adroitness with which he managed the court, and the organized system of corruption which he kept up. The manner in which Sir Spencer Compton was appointed to supersede him on the accession of George II., from a mere personal predilection of the king, and then set aside partly through the queen's interference and partly from the exposure of Compton's incapacity, shows how little force was put upon the royal inclination by any cabal or party. The precarious and qualified nature of Walpole's power may also be inferred from its perceptible decline after the death of Queen Caroline. In point of fact, no sovereigns, except at brief and rare intervals, were ever less in the condition of a doge than the English sovereigns from the Revolution downwards. Lord Beaconsfield admits that William III. was his own minister, and never came under the yoke of the oligarchy. Queen Anne, again, was enabled, by the division of parties, to indulge a mischievous extent of individual volition and caprice. Bullied by the Duchess of Marlborough, or cajoled by Mrs. Masham, it was by her female favorites, not by the great nobles, that she was controlled. But her successor, we are told, was comparatively defenceless against the alleged conspiracy.

"Unsupported by the mass of the people, ignorant of our language, phlegmatic in temperament, George I. entirely depended upon the Whig peers, and the Whig peers resolved to compensate themselves for the disappointment they had experienced under William III. They at once established the cabinet *on its present basis*." * They did nothing of the sort; yet, strange to say, Mr. Lecky seems to incline towards the same grave error. After dwelling upon the weakening of the monarchical principle by the denial of divine right and other causes, he says: —

Another very important cause of the decline of the power of royalty was the increased development of party government. The formation of a ministry, or homogeneous body of

* *Quarterly Review* for July, 1870.

* Vindication of the English Constitution in a Letter to a Noble and Learned Lord (Lyndhurst). By Disraeli the Younger. London, 1835, p. 170.

ruling statesmen of the same politics, deliberating in common, and in which each member is responsible to the others, has been justly described by Lord Macaulay as one of the most momentous and least noticed consequences of the Revolution. It was essential to the working of Parliamentary government, and it was scarcely less important as abridging the influence of the crown. As long as the ministers were selected by the sovereign from the most opposite parties, as long as each was responsible only for his own department, and was perfectly free to vote, speak, or intrigue against his colleagues, it is obvious that the chief efficient power must have resided with the sovereign.

But this state of things continued substantially unaltered till far into the reign of George III. On close inquiry it will be found that the first cabinet on the present basis, homogeneous and subject to the prime minister, was the cabinet of Pitt, after the expulsion of Thurlow, in 1792. A very different notion must have prevailed in 1754, when Henry Fox (already a privy-councillor) was made a member of the cabinet by the king, as a mark of private favor, on condition that he was "not to interfere with or derogate from the priority of the secretary of state in the House of Commons." The career of the great commoner abounds with illustrations of the anomalous and uncertain character of the institution in his time. He was the master spirit of an administration of which another (the Duke of Newcastle) was the chief. He took a subordinate place in one formed (1766) by himself with unlimited powers, and gradually sank into a nonentity in it without leaving it. He is censured by Horace Walpole for undue presumption in assuming to guide the councils of a third, for the policy of which he was responsible. As we recently observed, it was a surprise to Charles Fox when he was dismissed for an act of ministerial subordination by Lord North; and Thurlow evidently thought that he was following no uncommon course when he competed for royal favor, and consequent supremacy in the cabinet, with his chief. "Stick to Pitt," was his advice to Scott (Lord Eldon). "He has tripped up my heels, and I would have tripped up *his* if I could. I confess I did not think the king would have parted with me so easily."

Dating from the Revolution, party government took rather more than a century to arrive at maturity, and, from not bearing this in mind, Mr. Lecky has, almost as completely as Lord Beaconsfield, mistaken the position of the first kings of the Hanoverian line:—

On the death of the queen, they (the Tories) had all, at least passively, accepted the change of dynasty, and there is no reason to question the substantial truth of the assertion of Bolingbroke, that the proscription of the Tories by George I. for the first time made the party entirely Jacobite. But whatever may have been its effect on the stability of the dynasty, there can be no doubt of the effect of the Whig monopoly of office on the authority of the sovereign. He was no longer the moderating power, holding the balance in a heterogeneous and divided cabinet, able to dismiss a statesman of one policy and to employ a statesman of another, and thus in a great measure to determine the tendency of the government. He could govern only through a political body which, *in its complete union* and in its command of the majority in Parliament, was usually able, by the threat of joint resignation, which would make government impossible, to dictate its own terms. . . .

In this manner, by the force of events, much more than by any express restrictive legislation, a profound change had passed over the position of the monarchy in England. The chief power fell into the hands of the Whig statesmen.

On turning to a subsequent portion of the volume, we find ample evidence that the king was still the moderating power, holding the balance not indeed between Whigs and Tories, but between adverse sections of Whigs, who, far from presenting anything like complete union, were more divided than at any period of their annals. Thus we are told of "the great schism which broke out in 1717, when Lord Townshend was dismissed from office; when Walpole, with several less noted Whigs, resigned, and went into violent opposition, and when the chief powers passed into the hands of Sunderland and Stanhope:" the explanation being that Sunderland had conciliated the king by humoring his Hanoverian tendencies, "whilst Walpole and Townshend had made themselves peculiarly obnoxious and distasteful by opposing them. When Walpole, after many alternations of fortune, obtained the supremacy, he did not gain it or hold it, we are distinctly told, haughtily and independently, by dint of a firmly-knit league or commanding majority, which enabled him to dictate his terms or impose himself as a necessity, but by means which imply the entire absence of the higher elements of strength.

Other ministers may have bribed on a larger scale to gain some special object, or in moments of transition, crisis, or difficulty. It was left to Walpole to organize corruption as a system, and to make it the normal process of Parliamentary government. It was his

settled policy to maintain his Parliamentary majority, not by attracting to his ministry great orators, great writers, great financiers, or great statesmen, *not by effecting any combination or coalition of parties*, by identifying himself with any great object of popular desire, or by winning to his side young men in whose character and ability he could trace the promise of future eminence, but simply by engrossing thorough influence and extending the patronage of the crown.

Again and again does Mr. Lecky supply ample evidence against the theory which he professedly adopts:—

The general level of political life was, however, deplorably low. Politics under Queen Anne centred chiefly round the favorites of the sovereign, *and in the first Hanoverian reigns the most important influences were court intrigues or Parliamentary corruption*. Bolingbroke secured his return from exile by the assistance of the Duchess of Kendal, one of the mistresses of George I., whom he is said to have bribed with 10,000*l*. Carteret at first based his hopes upon the same support, but, imagining that he had met with coldness or infidelity on the part of the duchess, he transferred his allegiance to her rival, the Countess of Platen.

Chesterfield, towards the end of his career, intrigued against Newcastle with the Duchess of Yarmouth; and Pitt himself is stated, on very good authority, to have secured his position in the cabinet in a great degree by his attentions to the same lady.

Surely this sustained and paramount influence of mistresses is wholly irreconcilable with the supposed dictation of the Whig oligarchy or the subjection of the monarch to party combination.

In a recent article* on Lord E. Fitzmaurice's life of his ancestor, the first Marquis of Lansdowne, we had occasion to comment on the extremely low state of political morality in England during the greater part of the eighteenth century. There was a period of thirty or forty years during which public spirit had completely died out and disappeared amongst our public men; although occasional sparks of it may have flashed from the nation at large, as when popular indignation was roused by the tale of Jenkins's ears or the arbitrary proceedings against Wilkes. Mr. Lecky does more than confirm this estimate. In his opinion the corruption extended far beyond the political arena: its effects might be traced in almost every class of life: the very heart of the nation was tainted to the core.

In very few periods was there so little re-

ligious zeal, or active loyalty, or public spirit. A kindred tone pervaded the higher branches of intellect. The philosophy of Locke, deriving our ideas mainly if not exclusively from external sources, was supreme among the stronger minds. In literature, in art, in speculation, the imagination was repressed; strong passions, elevated motives, and sublime aspirations were replaced by critical accuracy of thought and observation, by a measured and fastidious beauty of form, by clearness, symmetry, sobriety, and good sense. We find this alike in the prose of Addison, in the poetry of Pope, and in the philosophy of Hume. The greatest wit and the most original genius of the age was also the most intensely and the most coarsely realistic. The greatest English painter of the time devoted himself mainly to caricature. The architects could see nothing but barbarous deformity in the Gothic cathedral, and their own works had touched the very nadir of taste.

This is an exaggeration. There is nothing in the prose of Addison, the poetry of Pope, or the philosophy of Hume akin to the coarse cynicism of Walpole, the polished selfishness of Chesterfield, or the profligate sycophancy of Doddington; and it is hardly with caricature that we habitually associate the name of Hogarth, who was one of the finest moralists as well as (what Mr. Lecky afterwards terms him) the greatest English painter of his time. But the utter want of public spirit exhibited during the Rebellion of 1745, certainly indicates something more than what lies upon the surface for those who run to read. What must have been the condition of a people who, after more than half a century's experience of a free constitution, had not made up their minds whether it was worth keeping, or whether they might not just as well revert to the dynasty which they had expelled for systematic encroachments on their most cherished liberties and rights? "When the late rebellion broke out," says Lord Hardwicke in 1749, "I believe most men were convinced that, if the rebels had succeeded, Popery as well as slavery would have been the certain consequence, and yet what a faint resistance did the people make in any part of the kingdom!" What Mr. Lecky believes to be the true causes of this indifference are stated in a letter from Alderman Heathcote to the Earl of Marchmont in September 1745:—

Your lordship may observe the little influence an actual insurrection has had on the public funds; and unless some speedy stop be put to this universal coldness by satisfying the demands of the nation and suppressing by proper laws that Parliamentary prostitution

* *Quarterly Review* for April, 1876.

which has destroyed our armies, our fleets, and our constitution, I greatly fear the event.

It is an undoubted fact, to which comparatively little attention has been paid, that the House of Commons had gradually brought upon itself much of the hatred and distrust which in arbitrary times had been concentrated on the crown. We are reminded of Speaker Onslow's recorded opinion, that the Septennial Act formed the era of the emancipation of the Commons from its former dependence on the crown and on the House of Lords. He might have added, from much of its wholesome and constitutional dependence upon the people. The consequences were seen and felt in the assumption of legislative and judicial functions, under the guise of privilege or the pretence of wounded dignity. "Almost every injury in word or act done to a member of Parliament was, during the reign of George II., voted a breach of privilege, and thus brought under the immediate and often vindictive jurisdiction of the House. Among the offences thus characterized were shooting the rabbits of one member, poaching on the fishponds of another, injuring the trees of a third, and stealing the coal of a fourth." Every general election gave rise to an explosion of popular disgust at the manner in which the contested seats were appropriated by the majority. "I believe," says Lord Hervey, "the manifest injustice in glaring violation of all truth in the decisions of this Parliament surpass even the most flagrant and infamous instances of any of their predecessors."

It is not easy to understand, remarks Mr. Lecky (speculating in his manner on the highly colored picture he has drawn), how a Parliament so thoroughly vicious in its constitution should have proved itself, in any degree, a faithful guardian of English liberty, or "should have produced so large an amount of wise, temperate, and tolerant legislation as it unquestionably did." Yet no one, he thinks, who candidly considers the general tenor of English administration during the long period of Whig ascendancy in the eighteenth century, can question that Voltaire and Montesquieu were correct in describing it as greatly superior to the chief governments of the Continent.

Considering what the chief governments of the Continent — of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy — were, when Voltaire and Montesquieu referred to them, this is saying very little for that of England; and

it is to be regretted that Mr. Lecky has not cited specimens of the wise, temperate, and tolerant legislation of which he speaks. The most striking chapters of his book bear evidence to the intemperate and intolerant character of the legislation extended to that very portion of the empire (Ireland) where temper and toleration were most imperatively required. In England, too, the penal laws were rigidly maintained: the criminal law in all its branches, procedure included, was little better than the patched-up relic of a barbarous age. The bankruptcy laws, the law of debtor and creditor, the poor-laws, the game-laws, the laws of marriage, indeed all the laws regulating the social and commercial relations of the community, were in a most unsatisfactory state. The prisons, the press-gang, the want of sanitary regulations, the metropolitan magistracy and police, the insecurity of life and property in the most populous districts, were a disgrace to a people pretending to civilization. The slave-trade was rapidly rising into that monstrous blot upon humanity upon which we now look back with a mixture of surprise and shame that it was permitted to assume such appalling dimensions without a check. None of these things have been passed unnoticed by Mr. Lecky, but what he has failed to mark is, that the most crying evils remained for succeeding generations to grapple with, and that the eighteenth century left the worst of them untouched. The remedial measures he specifies fell lamentably short of their professed aim: with one marked exception, the Marriage Act (commonly called Lord Hardwicke's Act) of 1754.

Prior to this act a marriage valid for all purposes could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place, without notice, consent of parents, or record of any kind. The celebration of such marriages naturally fell into the hands of needy and disreputable clergymen, who were always to be found in or about the Fleet Prison, where they were or had been confined for debt. Hence the term Fleet marriages: although the Fleet parsons by no means enjoyed a monopoly. Indeed, the most thriving business in this walk was carried on by the Reverend Alexander Keith, at a chapel in Curzon Street, who was computed to have married on an average six thousand couples *per annum*. The Fleet parsons, however, had no reason to complain: it was proved before Parliament that there had been 2,954 Fleet marriages in four months; and it appeared from the

memorandum-book of one of them, that he had made 57*l.* by marriage-fees in a month: of another, that he had married one hundred and seventy-three couples in a single day.

The scandal reached its acme in the seaports when a fleet arrived, and the sailors were married—as Lord Beaconsfield said converts to free-trade were made by Sir Robert Peel—in platoons. There was a story that once when from fifty to a hundred couples were arranged for the ceremony at a chapel at Portsmouth, some confusion took place, and several of them got hold of the wrong hands. When the resulting difficulty was mentioned to the parson, he exclaimed: "Never mind, you are all of you married to some one, and you must sort yourselves afterwards." Sham marriages by sham priests, devices such as that by which Squire Thornhill fancied he had got possession of the person of Olivia Primrose without making her his wife, were of constant occurrence. Examples are hardly required to show the amount of misery that must inevitably result when a solemn engagement may be contracted without a pause for reflection, on the spur of a passing inclination or caprice. But palpable as was the abuse, the mending act met with the most strenuous opposition, in which Henry Fox took the lead; and Horace Walpole deliberately denounced the bill, declaring that "from beginning to end one only view had predominated, that of pride and aristocracy." It must have been some satisfaction to him that a loophole or mode of evasion was left by which the object of the act could be partially defeated. Until the virtual abolition of Gretna Green marriages in 1856, it was still possible to elope with an heiress or peer's daughter, and most exciting races were occasionally run between the truant couple and the father or guardian. One of the most remarkable occurred in 1782, when a far-descended earl eloped with the daughter of the wealthiest of the London bankers, and was hotly pursued by the father, whose chaise-and-four, after they had actually crossed the Border, was in the act of heading them, when the bridegroom's best-man (the eldest son of an earl), seated in the rumble, drew a pistol and shot one of the leaders dead.

A series of legislative measures to which Mr. Lecky attaches great importance, were those directed against gin-drinking, the passion for which, dating from 1724, he describes as spreading with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic.

Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history, it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that of the eighteenth century—incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country.

The consumption of British spirits in 1735 was ten times what it had been in 1689, and more than double what it had been in 1714. Physicians saw in gin a new and terrible source of disease and mortality. The grand jury of Middlesex formally presented it as the cause of much the greater part of the poverty and crime of the metropolis. On the signboards of noted gin-shops it was announced that a customer might get drunk for a penny, and dead-drunk for twopence, and have straw for nothing. Faith was kept by providing cellars strewn with straw, on which the customer who had got his twopennyworth was deposited till he was ready to recommence. The ill success of the first repeated attempts to grapple with the evil may be judged from the fact that in 1749 the number of private gin-shops, within the bills of mortality, was estimated at more than seventeen thousand. Disease, vice, crime, disorder, lawlessness, profanity, immoralities of all sorts, had proportionally increased. In a pamphlet published in 1751, Fielding describes the increase of robbers as in a great degree owing to a new kind of drunkenness unknown to our ancestors; he states that gin was the principal sustenance of more than one hundred thousand people in the metropolis, and predicts that, should the drinking of this poison be continued at the same rate during the next twenty years, there will be very few of the common people left to drink it.

The same complaints were made of the prevalence of crimes of violence, and the resulting sense of insecurity, at a much later period, when it could be no longer ascribed to gin-drinking, which gradually abated, like other epidemics, moral and physical, from causes lying, we suspect, beyond the reach of the legislature; although Mr. Lecky mentions the remedial measures of the Pelham ministry, in 1751, as forming a striking instance of the manner in which legislation, if not overstrained or ill-timed, can improve the morals of a people. He specifies amongst the consequences of these measures that dropsy immediately diminished, and that the diminution was ascribed by physicians to the marked decrease of drunkenness in the community.

Still these measures formed a palliation and not a cure, and from the early years of the eighteenth century gin-drinking has never ceased to be the main counteracting influence to the moral, intellectual, and physical benefits that might be expected from increased commercial prosperity. Of all the pictures of Hogarth none are more impressive than those in which he represents the different conditions of a people whose national beverage is beer and of a people who are addicted to gin, and the contrast exhibits in its most unfavorable aspect the difference between the Hanoverian period and that which preceded it.

It is to be feared that the habit of dram or gin drinking, when it has once taken root in a northern climate and an overpopulated community, can never be eradicated. It is too tempting a resource in poverty and cold. There is a moral, deeper than the humor, in a once popular caricature representing a workman pulling his wife out of a ditch with the remark, "Why, Nanny, you are drunk."—"And what do that argify, if I am happy?"

The streets of London were rife with violence and crime prior to the increased consumption of gin. Readers of "The Spectator" will hardly require to be reminded of the Mohocks, including the "sweaters," who formed a circle round their victim and pricked him with their swords; the "dancing-masters," who made him dance by a similar application of cold steel; and the "tumblers," whose amusement it was to set women on their heads or roll them down-hill in barrels.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying nicker* flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.

Who has not heard the scowerer's midnight fame?

Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his nightly rounds
Safe from their blows or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds and mischief done,
Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run.

How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb

O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side;

So Regulus to save his country died.†

Any defenceless person, male or female, who happened to be out after nightfall, was exposed to ill-treatment. Sir Roger de

Coverley having expressed a wish to see the new tragedy, asked if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks were abroad. "However," he said, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call on me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you." "The Captain" (continues "The Spectator"), "who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went with him, and seated him between us in the pit."

In Johnson's "London," published in 1738, we read:—

Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man,
Some foolish drunkard reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil and stabs you for a jest.

The opening chapter of Fielding's "Amelia," published in 1751, exemplifies the still unprotected state of the streets, the inefficiency of the police, the worse than inefficiency of the magistrates, and the frightful scenes of disorder, suffering, and vice presented by the prisons. We are first requested to figure to ourselves a family, the master of which should put his butler on the coach-box, his steward behind his coach, his coachman in the buttery, his footman in the stewardship, and in the same manner should misemploy the talents of every other servant.

As ridiculous as this may seem, I have often considered some of the lower officers in our civil government to be disposed in this very manner. To begin, I think, as low as I well can with the watchmen in our metropolis, who being to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, an office which at least requires strength of body, are chosen out of those poor old decrepit people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons

* Persons who broke windows with halfpence.

† Gay's "Trivia," published in 1728.

and houses of his Majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains. If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one I think can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape.

Admitting that matters improve a little as we ascend amongst our public officers, the author suggests that Mr. Thrasher, the justice before whom Booth and others are brought, had some few imperfections in his magisterial capacity, one being that he was equally ignorant of statute and common law.

This perhaps was a defect; but this was not all; for where mere ignorance is to decide a point between two litigants, it will always be an even chance whether it decides right or wrong; but sorry am I to say, right was often in a much worse situation than this, and wrong hath often had five hundred to one on his side before that magistrate, who, if he was ignorant of the laws of England, was yet well versed in the laws of nature. He perfectly well understood that fundamental principle so strongly laid down in the institutes of the learned Rochefoucault, by which the duty of self-love is so strongly enforced, and every man is taught to consider himself as the centre of gravity, and to attract all things thither. To speak the truth plainly, the justice was never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side.

Fielding never misses an opportunity of exposing and satirizing the venality and subserviency of the justices. In the course of the altercation between Squire Western and his sister, on his refusal to commit Honour for impertinence, Mrs. Western said "she knew the law much better: that she had known servants very severely punished for affronting their masters," and then named a certain justice of the peace in London, "who," she said, "would commit a servant to Bridewell at any time when a master or mistress desired it." "Like enough," cries the squire, "it may be so in London, but the law is different in the country." The practice, according to the same authority, was much the same in the country, for Joseph Andrews and Fanny were on the point of being committed to Bridewell for a month by a complaisant justice to please Lady Booby, when they were saved by the arrival of Squire Booby, the husband of Pamela. Fiction is confirmed by fact. "What the devil," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "could tempt you to act as justice of the peace? This is Trapolin with a vengeance. What! evidence, party, and judge too? If you do not make it up with

the man soon, some rogue of an attorney will plague your heart out in the King's Bench." The gardener had been guilty of some peculation, for which Selwyn committed him at once.

In an "Idler" for 1759, Dr. Johnson computed that the prisoners for debt averaged twenty thousand, of whom twenty-five per cent. perished annually from the corruption of confined air, the want of exercise, and sometimes of food, the contagion of diseases, and the "severity of tyrants." We can well believe it when we bear in mind that in most prisons no separate accommodation was provided for them. Dr. Primrose, taken in execution at the suit of Squire Thornhill, relates that he attended the sheriff's officers to the prison which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. He says that he expected upon his entrance to find nothing but lamentations and various sounds of misery, but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment and liquor. He readily complied with the demand for garnish, which was immediately sent for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness. Curiously enough it was by the sale of the book, "The Vicar of Wakefield," in which this scene is described, that the author escaped being placed in the same situation as Dr. Primrose.*

What makes it more extraordinary that efficacious measures were not taken for the improvement of the gaols, especially as regards their sanitary state, is the prevalence of the gaol fever, which Bacon described as the most pernicious infection next to plague. He was referring to its ravages in the sixteenth century,—to the Black Assize at Oxford in 1577, for example, when the chief baron, the sheriff, and some three hundred others died of it within forty hours. Yet it was little less fatal in the eighteenth; as in 1730, when a chief baron, a serjeant, a high sheriff, and others of lesser note, fell victims to it on the Western Circuit; and in 1750, when at the Old Bailey sittings, it destroyed two judges, the lord mayor, and an alderman. But that the root of the evil, the sanitary state of the prisons and the crowding together of prisoners of

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson," royal 8vo. edition, p. 114.

all classes, was left untouched, may be inferred from the fact that Howard's labors for their amelioration commenced five years later, in 1755, and did not bear fruit till long afterwards.

What strikes us more than it seems to have struck Mr. Lecky, in reverting to these and other abuses affecting the moral and material well-being of the community, is the insensibility of the eighteenth century to their true character or its hopeless incapacity of grappling with them. A fitful feeble effort, or succession of efforts, is made, and the evil or abuse is found cropping up again with unabated vigor and vitality. Take, for example, the open defiance or easy evasion of justice by robbers. "How long," exclaims Fielding in 1751, "have we known highwaymen reign in this kingdom after they have been publicly known as such? Officers of justice have owned to me, that they have passed by such with warrants in their pockets against them without daring to apprehend them; and, indeed, they could not be blamed for not exposing themselves to sure destruction; for it is a melancholy truth, that, at this very day, a rogue no sooner gives the alarm, within certain purlieus, than twenty or thirty armed villains are found ready to come to his assistance."

In the introduction to the "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," he states that, in August 1753, when he was preparing for a journey to Bath, and was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week by different gangs of street-robbers, he received a summons to attend the Duke of Newcastle, who, not being able to see him when he attended, "sent a gentleman to discourse with him on the best plan that could be invented for putting an immediate end to those murders and robberies which were every day committed in the streets." He promised to transmit his answer in writing, which he did within four days, and soon received a message from the duke acquainting him that his plan was highly approved of, and that all his terms would be complied with."

The principal and most material of those terms, was the immediately depositing six hundred pounds in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able, for the future, to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

I had delayed my Bath journey for some

time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintance, and to the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire of demolishing this gang of villains and cut-throats, which I was sure of accomplishing the moment I was enabled to pay a fellow who had undertaken, for a small sum, to betray them into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service, all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity.

After some weeks, the money was paid at the treasury, and within a few days after two hundred pounds of it had come to my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed, seven of them were in actual custody, and the rest driven, some out of town, and others out of the kingdom.

This is confirmed by contemporary authority, as by Browne, who, writing in 1757, states that the reigning evil of street robberies in London has been almost wholly suppressed. But the suppression was local and temporary: the surviving members of the gang were simply driven to vary the scene of their operations, and no attempt was made to protect the suburbs and environs of the metropolis or the high roads. Walpole—who was twice robbed by highwaymen, once in Hyde Park and once near his own house at Twickenham—complains, in 1782, that no one can stir out after sunset without a body-guard of servants armed with blunderbusses.

The English highwaymen of former days were remarkably well-bred personages. Thomas Grenville, whilst travelling with Lord Derby, and Lord Tankerville, whilst travelling with his father, were attacked by highwaymen; on both occasions six or seven shots were exchanged between them and the highwaymen; and when the parties assailed had expended all their ammunition the highwaymen came up to them and took their purses in the politest manner possible!*

The two adventures are confused, as it can hardly be supposed that the circumstances of each were identical. As Mr. Thomas Grenville used to tell *his* highwaymen were anything but polite, for they told the travellers, after taking their purses: "What scoundrels you must be to interfere with gentlemen about their business on the road!" Yet highwaymen of the higher order studied politeness sometimes, and found their account in it. "McLean," writes Walpole, "is still the

* Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers (1856), p. 198.

fashion: have I no reason to call him my friend? He says that if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is?"

As Mr. Thomas Grenville was born in 1755, his adventure must have occurred in the last quarter of the century. He used to relate in connection with it, that one night when he was walking down Hay Hill, he heard cries of "stop thief," and saw a man on horseback, a highwayman, dash down the steps of Lansdowne Passage and escape; adding that the iron bar was put up to prevent the recurrence of such an incident.

"In a letter written by Mrs. Harris, the mother of the first Lord Malmesbury, to her son, dated Feb. 16, 1773, she says: 'A most audacious fellow robbed Sir Francis Holburne and his sisters in their coach in St. James's Square, coming from the opera. He was on horseback, and held a pistol close to the breast of one of the Miss Holburnes for a considerable time. She had left her purse at home, which he would not believe. He has since robbed a coach in Park Lane.'"

Amongst the causes of the increase of robbers, Fielding enumerates and lays much stress on the frequency of executions, their publicity, and their habitual association in the popular mind with notions of pride and vanity, instead of guilt, degradation, or shame. "The day appointed by law for the thief's shame is the day of glory in his own opinion. His procession to Tyburn, and his last moments there, are all triumphant; attended with the compassion of the meek and tender-hearted, and with the applause, admiration, and envy of all the bold and hardened." We have seen how Walpole speaks of McLean, whose father, he adds, "was an Irish dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague." This man was made a lion by the aristocracy, who flocked in crowds to visit him in prison. The turnkeys of Newgate were said to have made 200*l.* by showing Sheppard; and Dr. Dodd was exhibited for two hours in the press-room at a shilling a head before he was led to the gallows. The criminal sentenced to death was encouraged and aided to put a brave

face on the matter, and act on the maxim, *carpe diem* — "Live and be merry, for the morrow we die." He was allowed to order what he liked for his last dinner or supper, which the ordinary was expected to share with him, with the view of keeping up his spirits, and giving him the benefit of jovial companionship to the last. "I will tell you a Newgate anecdote," writes Gilly Williams to Selwyn, "which I had from a gentleman who called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper, 'but,' says he, 'you need not be curious about the sauce, for he's to be hanged to-morrow!' 'That is true,' says the other; 'but the ordinary sups with him, and you know he is a devil of a fellow for butter!'"

The inimitable scene in "Jonathan Wild," in which the ordinary justifies his preference of punch to wine, and Jonathan complains of being disagreeably reminded of a world to come, is doubtless a caricature; but a caricature by a humorist of Fielding's quality is pretty sure to embody a popular impression if not a truth. There is also an exquisite touch of satire in the "circumstance, showing the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moments, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, etc., which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his corkscrew, which he carried out of the world in his hand."

The brutalizing effects of public executions were studiously enhanced in cases of high treason, by the law enacting that, prior to the decapitation, the criminal should be half hung, and that his entrails should be taken out and burnt before his eyes. No attempt, certainly no sustained and successful one, was made to get rid of this butchery during the eighteenth century. The punishment was inflicted on Kennington Common in 1746, in all its revolting atrocity, on eight gentlemen who had held commissions in the rebel army; and a minute description of the course pursued with one of them, a member of the ancient family of Townley, is given in the "State Trials." Mr. Lecky states that gallows were erected in every important quarter of the city, and on many of them corpses were left rotting in chains. The practice of hanging in chains, although discontinued before its formal abolition, lasted far into the present century. With in living memory a batch of pirates was hung in chains in the marshes below Wool-

* "The Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury," vol. i., p. 258. For this reference, and several others materially lessening the labor of research, we are indebted to "The Novels and Novelists of the Eighteenth Century," in illustration of the Manners and Morals of the Age." By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C., etc., etc. 1871. A book of real value and interest, displaying a wide range of curious reading judiciously applied.

wich. A farmer and his son who rented the ground happening to take a close inspection of the victims, saw symptoms of life in one, took him down, carried him home with them, and employed him as a farm servant; till one night, finding him at his old trade of thieving, they laid hold of him, twisted his neck, and replaced him on the gallows; not at all imagining that they had been guilty of any description of irregularity.

Till 1790 women guilty of high or petit treason might be, and occasionally were, publicly burnt alive. Boys under twelve were sentenced to death and (we believe) hanged for participation in the Gordon riots of 1780. Mentioning the circumstance to Rogers, Mr. Grenville rather naively added: "I never in my life saw boys cry so."

When Blackstone wrote, says Mr. Lecky, "there were no less than one hundred and sixty offences in England punishable with death, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for ten or twelve culprits to be hung on a single occasion, for forty or fifty to be condemned at a single assize." Did the reformers of the eighteenth century diminish the list of capital offences or show any symptoms of being shocked by the demoralizing exhibitions so constantly set before their eyes? We are not aware that they did anything of the sort, although Mr. Lecky, referring to the period subsequent to the ministry of Walpole, lays down that "on the whole the institutions and manners of the country were steadily assuming their modern aspect." We shall presently see how far this is true of manners. It was certainly not true of laws and institutions. With the exception of the body of commercial law evolved and moulded by Lord Mansfield, the whole fabric of our juridical system, the entire administration of justice, civil and criminal, including the forms of procedure and the courts, were in as bad a condition at the end of the eighteenth century as at the commencement.

The state of opinion touching executions in 1783 may be inferred from Dr. Johnson's protest against the discontinuance of the procession to Tyburn. It having been argued, says Boswell, that this was an improvement, "No, sir," said he eagerly, "it is *not* an improvement; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the public was

gratified by a procession; *the criminal was supported by it*. Why is all this to be swept away?" Boswell expresses his perfect agreement with the sage, adding: "Magistrates, both in London and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this land too much regard to their own ease." The true sound objection is not so much as hinted at. In 1783, when this conversation took place, the number of malefactors executed in London alone was fifty-one: in 1785 it has risen to ninety-seven. The increase was attributed in part to Madan's "Thoughts on Executive Justice," in which it was argued that every penal code, to be efficacious, should be rigidly enforced; and this without first taking care to adjust the scale of punishment to the degree of guilt or the feelings of society. This tract, although answered by Romilly, exercised a mischievous influence for many years, while Beccaria's famous treatise,* which had made numerous converts amongst Continental jurists, was little known in this country. It was just beginning to make way when a startling reaction took place.

If any person [says Romilly in his "Diary"] be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which have been produced in this country by the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some legislative reform on humane and liberal principles. He will then find, not only what a stupid dread of innovation, but what a savage spirit it has infused into the minds of many of his countrymen. I have had several opportunities of observing this. It is but a few nights ago, that, while I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, whose name is not worth setting down, came up to me, and breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out, "I am against your bill, I am for hanging all." I was confounded; and endeavoring to find out some excuse for him, I observed that I supposed he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of suppressing crimes, the laws, whatever they were, ought to be executed. "No, no," he said, "it is not that. There is no good done by mercy. They only get worse; I would hang them all up at once."

In 1813, a bill brought in by Romilly,

* *Del Delitti e delle Pene*. Monaco, 1764. There was a story current from which it would appear that Beccaria's practice did not accord with his theory. It is thus told by Lord Byron, in a letter from Milan in 1816: "I have just heard an anecdote of Beccaria, who published such admirable things on the punishment of death. As soon as his book was out, his servant (having read it, I presume) stole his watch; and his master, while correcting the press of a second edition, did all he could to have him hanged by way of advertisement."

for omitting the embowelling and quartering in the punishment for high treason, was thrown out on its first introduction, "so that the ministers," he remarks, "have the glory of having preserved the British law, by which it is ordained that the heart and the bowels of a man convicted of treason shall be torn out of his body whilst yet alive." He carried his main point in the following year, although only as a compromise, for he was obliged to give up the quartering, which a majority of both houses insisted on retaining as one of the bulwarks of monarchy.

Romilly, and after him Mackintosh, did good service by keeping public attention alive to the subject, but the effective amelioration of the penal code dates from 1823, when the late Sir Robert Peel became secretary of state for the home department, as the effective reform of the law of real property, the law of procedure in civil cases, and the general administration of justice, dates from Lord Brougham's great speech in 1828. The lawyers of the eighteenth century had no more sense of the genuine worthlessness and trumpery character of the arbitrary rules and tangled technicalities by which they habitually eluded reason and obscured right, than the contemporaries of Coke. Turn where we will, we are met by signs of indifference to crying abuses; owing, no doubt, in a great measure to the want of a bold and vigilant press. But what to people living in our time seems almost unaccountable, is how easily our predecessors of the last century dropped back into the old grooves after a more or less successful effort to get out of them.

Speaking of the condition of the army, Mr. Lecky states on the authority of a memorial drawn up in 1707, that the garrison of Portsmouth was reduced by death or desertion to half its former number in less than a year and a half, through sickness, want of firing, and bad barracks, and that the few new barracks that were erected were notwithstanding built with the most scandalous parsimony and crowded to the most frightful excess. The popular objection to barracks, based on the old jealousy of a standing army, was urged by Blackstone, who maintained that the soldiers should live intermixed with the people, and that no separate camp or inland fortress should be allowed. This objection retained sufficient strength in 1786, to cause the rejection of the scheme of fortification proposed by Pitt. Commissions in the army were indiscriminately employed for political or private ends, to buy

support or to reward subserviency. After trying in vain to muzzle that "terrible cornet of horse" (the first Pitt), Walpole summarily deprived him of his cornetcy. Mr. Lecky states that an officer, named Anstruther, got a regiment for voting in favor of the Porteous Act. Promotion without interest was so entirely out of the question, that it was hardly deemed matter of complaint. Lieutenant Lismahago, in "Humphrey Clinker," had been thirty years in the service, "wounded, maimed, and mutilated," without ever attaining a higher rank than that of lieutenant. "But in such a length of time," resumed the squire, "you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head." "Nevertheless," said he, "I have no cause to murmur. They bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market: that was my misfortune, but nobody was to blame."

It was by no means uncommon to find ensigns in the cradle, who grew to be colonels in their teens. "Carry the major his pap," was a byword. It was not even deemed necessary to proceed by gradation. Edward Waverley joined his regiment in command of a troop, "the intermediate steps being overleapt with great facility." Charles Phillips states that one of Provost Hutchinson's daughters was gazetted to a majority of horse; and a recent authority adds, that she drew the pay, and appeared at a fancy ball in the uniform, a short jacket and tight pantaloons, which set off her figure to advantage. There is a scene in Lady Morgan's novel, "The O'Briens and O'Flahertys," where the Irish cabinet, having nothing else vacant, agree to give the fair friend of a colleague a cornetcy *en attendant*.

It was left to one royal commander-in-chief in the present century to put the first effective check on these abuses, and to another H. R. H. to bring the system of promotion to a state as satisfactory as it can well be brought when the conflicting claims of merit and seniority are to be weighed. It was during the Duke of York's administration of the Horse Guards that a reasonable limit was placed on the age at which a commission could be held. But, dating from the abolition of the purchase system, a far more difficult and delicate duty has devolved on the royal commander-in-chief than that of framing a

* "Curran and his Contemporaries," 3rd ed., p.

45. This was the gentleman of whom Lord Townshend, when lord lieutenant, said: "If I gave Hutchinson England and Ireland for an estate, he would beg to have the Isle of Wight for a potato garden."

limit or prescribing a rule. The soundest discretion, the severest impartiality, have been called into action; and it is a memorable fact that, under the new order of things (now of nearly seven years' standing), not a single case of favor or affection, not one approximating to a wrong, has been established to the satisfaction of unprejudiced observers and competent critics, whether in or out of the profession.

It was similarly left to a long-subsequent generation to reform the abuses of the navy, which were at their height during the greater part of the eighteenth century. Smollett served as surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line in the expedition to Carthage in 1741, and in the character of Roderic Random described what fell under his own observation in that capacity. "When I followed him (the surgeon) with the medicines into the sick-berth or hospital, I was much less surprised that people should die on board than that any sick person should recover. Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches, suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and destitute of every convenience necessary for persons in that helpless condition." That no improvement had taken place in 1757 is shown by a trustworthy authority quoted by Mr. Lecky: "I have known one thousand men confined together in a guardship, some hundreds of whom had neither a bed nor so much as a change of linen. I have seen many of them brought into hospital in the same clothes and shirts they had on when pressed several months before."

The hardships to which the sailors were still exposed in 1797, led to the formidable mutinies at Portsmouth and the Nore, and virtually constituted the sole apology for the press-gang as an appeal to force when milder means had failed or (more correctly speaking) had never been tried. Legally, only seafaring men were liable to seizure, but the gangs were not particular when lawful game failed. In Gilray's "Liberty of the Subject" (October 1779), a gang, armed with swords and cudgels, are leading off a half-starved tailor, despite of the resistance of his wife, who clutches the leader by the hair. Lord Fellamar, at Lord Bellaston's instigation, engages a gang to carry off Tom Jones, and are only prevented by an accident. In 1805, the member of a highly-respect-

able mercantile firm at Liverpool, who happened to be shabbily dressed, was seized by a press-gang, hurried on board the tender, hastily transferred to a line-of-battle ship on the point of setting sail to join Nelson, made to do duty despite his protestations, and killed at Trafalgar. The late Lord Sefton, after relating the incident, was wont to add that the family, a very well-known one, caused to be inscribed upon his grave: "To the memory of ———, Esq., Landsman, killed fighting for his country, much against his will, in the glorious naval action off Trafalgar, A.D., Oct. 21, 1805."

That silent revolution in opinions and manners brought about by time, of which Mr. Lecky speaks in his "History of Rationalism," was doubtless in progress during the whole of the eighteenth century, but the outward and visible signs of improvement are non-existent or rare. To take drinking, gambling, and swearing — there is an unbroken continuity in two if not three, from Harley and St. John, through Walpole, Carteret and Pulteney, to Charles James Fox and Sheridan. Indeed, granting equality as regards drinking, it may be questioned whether statesmen and men of quality did not play higher and swear harder as the century advanced. It was past the middle when women of quality took to gambling in its most disreputable shape, and near the end (1796) when Lord Kenyon went out of his way to give them a memorable warning: "If any prosecutions of this nature are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted — whatever be their rank or station, though they should be the first ladies in the land — they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory." The very ladies to whom he alluded — Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Lady Archer, and Mrs. Concanon — were actually prosecuted for keeping a gaming-table (a faro bank) and convicted; but he shrank from executing his threat, and they escaped with fines.

Mr. Massey was the first to call attention to the fact that a club composed of both sexes in equal numbers, selected from the highest class of the aristocracy, was instituted in 1772, but was speedily discredited and broken up through the introduction of deep play. In Miss Edgeworth's novel of "Belinda" (1801) a Mr. and Mrs. Luttridge, a fashionable couple who are in the habit of receiving the best society at their house, are detected by one of their guests in keeping an E. O. table

constructed for the purposes of fraud, and compelled to surrender a part of their plunder, amounting to many thousands of pounds. This novel illustrates other traits of manners. Lady Delacour is suffering from the effects of the recoil of a pistol which she fired in the air by way of honorable finale to a duel with another woman of rank. Again: "The first time Belinda ever saw Lord Delacour, he was dead drunk in the arms of two footmen, who were carrying him up-stairs to his bed-chamber; his lady, who was just returned from Ranelagh, passed by him on the landing-place with a look of sovereign contempt. 'What is the matter? who is there?' said Belinda. 'Only the *body* of my Lord Delacour,' said her ladyship; 'his bearers have brought it up the wrong staircase. Take it down again, my good friends; let his lordship go *his own way*. Don't look so shocked and amazed — don't look so *new*, my child: this funeral of my lord's intellects is to me a nightly, or,' added her ladyship, looking at her watch and yawning "I believe I should say a *daily* ceremony — six o'clock, I protest.'" Sir Philip Baddeley, one of Belinda's suitors, hardly utters a sentence without a "damme" or "curse it." (The correct pages of Miss Austen are occasionally dotted with oaths. She, like Miss Edgeworth, drew from the life, and neither would have risked a coarse word or profane expletive that was not in keeping with and essential to the characters.

In the dedication of "Tom Jones" to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton, Fielding expresses a hope that the reader will find in the whole course of the work "nothing inconsistent with the strictest rules of decency nor which can offend even the chastest in the perusal." We can only account for the boldness (we might almost say audacity) of this assurance, by supposing that expressions which have since been regarded as grossly indecent had then become inoffensive from familiarity. Few ladies would now be recommended to read "Tom Jones," or readily admit that they had read it. Indeed, women of refinement would be more repelled by the coarseness than attracted by the humor. But during half a century after its appearance it was read by the ingenuous youth of both sexes without reproach. Canning, then a boy at Eton, asks in a paper in "The Microcosm" in 1787—"Is not the novel of 'Tom Jones,' however excellent a work of itself, generally put too early into our hands, and proposed too soon to the imitation of children?" Its early popularity with

the fair sex is attested by Lady Bradshaigh, writing to Richardson in 1749: "The girls are certainly fond of 'Tom Jones,' as I told you before; and they do not scruple declaring it in the presence of your *incognita*."

The tone of Richardson's own novels, unimpeachable as they may be in intention, says little for the refinement of the age. The entire plot of "Pamela" is suggestive of indelicacy; and the fair correspondents who beg Richardson to save Clarissa from her impending fate, must have suffered their imaginations to wander into dangerous ground. "Do, dear sir," writes Lady Bradshaigh; "it is too shocking and barbarous a story for publication. I wish I could not think of it. Blot out but one night and the villainous laudanum, and all may be well again." Cibber writes: "What piteous d—d disgraceful pickle have you placed her [Clarissa] in! For God's sake, send me the sequel, or — I don't know what to say! *My girls are all on fire and fright to know what can possibly have become of her*. Take care."

In a paper contributed to "The Connoisseur" in 1754 by the Earl of Cork, the noble writer states "that he was present at an entertainment where a celebrated lady of pleasure was one of the party, and her shoe was pulled off by a young man, who filled it with champagne and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then, to carry the compliment still further, he ordered the shoe itself to be dressed and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it; he pulled the upper part of it (which was of damask) into fine shreds, and tossed it up in a ragout; minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in butter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company, you may be sure, testified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquisite impromptu."

At a still later period extravagance of conduct and open contempt for the decencies of life were pushed to extremity by the establishment of the Hell-fire Club, and the orgies of Medmenham Abbey. The coarseness of manners and laxity of morals that prevailed during the reigns of George I. and George II. are proved by the uniform tenor of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs" and Walpole's "Letters." It is a bad sign of national morals when public masquerades are a popular amusement with the pleasure-loving public, including the court and the aristocracy: —

The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords
combine;

Each to his humor — Comus all allows:
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbor's
spouse.

The masquerade in 1749 at which Miss Chudleigh, a maid of honor, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, made her memorable appearance as "Andromeda," was attended by the Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family.

The example of conjugal and domestic virtue set by George III. and Queen Charlotte appears to have had little effect even in the very precincts of the court. "It is not (writes Junius) that he (the Duke of Grafton) kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad. It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult of which I complain. The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known if the first lord of the treasury had not led her in triumph through the Opera House, even in the presence of the queen."

If the acting plays reflected the popular taste, it was far from unimpeachable till past the middle of the century. "I never heard of any plays," says Parson Adams, "fit for a Christian to read but 'Cato' and 'The Conscious Lovers;'" and I must own in the latter are some things which are almost solemn enough for a sermon." According to Hallam "The Conscious Lovers" (by Steele) was the first comedy since the Restoration that could be called moral. Miss Burney's heroine, Evelina, was present at the representation of "Love for Love," and no one who has read it will accuse her of prudery when she expresses a hope that, fraught with wit and entertainment as it is, she shall never see it represented again; "for it is so extremely indelicate — to use the softest word I can — that Miss Mervin and I were perpetually out of countenance, and could neither make any observations ourselves nor venture to listen to those of others." But a perceptible improvement as regards propriety had taken place in dramatic composition prior to the appearance of "The School for Scandal;" and the eighteenth century may certainly boast of having placed Shakespeare's rank as a poet and dramatist beyond dispute.

Supposed cause and effect are placed in puzzling opposition by dramatic annals. National, at all events metropolitan, demoralization is supposed to have been at its worst in the reign of Charles II.; and yet

this was the reign in which there were only two theatres open in London, and even these were found too much; the rival companies being obliged to unite in 1684. There were ten or eleven in the reign of Elizabeth, and a still greater number in the reign of James I. Sir John Bernard, who brought the condition of the stage before the House of Commons in 1735, complained that there were then six theatres in London; and one of his supporters (quoted by Mr. Lecky) vehemently urged "that it was no less surprising than shameful to see so great a change for the worse in the temper and inclination of the British nation, who were now so extravagantly addicted to lewd and idle diversions that the number of playhouses in London was double that of Paris, . . . that it was astonishing to all Europe that Italian eunuchs and signoras should have set salaries equal to those of the lords of the treasury and judges of England."

The opera was an exotic unknown in England prior to 1705. At its first introduction, it was wholly English; in its second stage, the principal parts were Italian and the subordinate English; and it was not till after four or five years of tentative progress that it became wholly and thoroughly Italian.

The great impulse given by Handel to sacred music, and the naturalization of the opera in England, are the two capital events in English musical history during the first half of the eighteenth century.

Speaking of painting prior to Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, Mr. Lecky remarks that England "possessed indeed an admirable school, but one represented almost exclusively by foreigners, by Holbein, Rubens, Vandyck, Lely, and Kneller." These, however, received no encouragement, except as portrait-painters. "Painters of history," said Kneller, "make the dead live, but do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living and they make me live." Hogarth described portrait-painting as "the only flourishing branch of the high tree of British art;" yet it was his surpassing excellence in another line which established his claim to be "the first native painter of undoubted genius and originality that England could boast."

Gray, writing in 1763, says that "our skill in gardening, or laying out grounds, is the only taste we can call our own, the only proof of original taste in matters of pleasure." The artificial French taste in gardens and grounds, as in most other

things, prevailed during the reign of Charles II., when (to borrow Lady Morgan's *mot*) nothing was natural except the children. The Dutch taste, equally distorted and more stiff, was introduced by William III.:—

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees.

The taste to which Gray lays claim for his countrymen was mainly owing to Bridgeman and Kent, who insisted on freedom and variety, on following nature instead of discarding or defacing her.

The condition of architecture at the period under inquiry is glossed over by Mr. Lecky, who merely says that architectural taste during the ascendancy of Vanbrugh was extremely low, and that the badness of the bricks employed in building was already a matter of complaint. The badness of the bricks in the old buildings of London, prior to the fire, is mentioned in the "Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo," quoted by Lord Macaulay. "The history of architecture in England during the eighteenth century (says Mr. Fergusson) if not characterized by anything so brilliant as the career of either Jones or Wren, is marked in the beginning by the daring originality of Vanbrugh, and closes with the correct classicality of Chambers."*

A comparison of Lord Macaulay's description of London at the Revolution with Mr. Lecky's England half a century later, shows that the progress was less than might have been anticipated; although Mr. Lecky is surely mistaken when he says that the population of London in 1700 was little more than a seventh of what it is now. Lord Macaulay puts it as rather more than half a million in 1685.

In his preface to "The Fool of Quality,"† the Rev. Charles Kingsley asks: "Who, in looking round a family portrait-gallery, has not remarked the difference between

the heads of the seventeenth and those of the eighteenth century? The former are of the same type as our own, and with the same strong and varied personality; the latter painfully like both to each other, and to an oil flask; the jaw round, weak, and sensual, the forehead narrow and retreating. Had the race really degenerated for a while, or was the lower type adopted intentionally out of compliment to some great personage?"

We do not agree with Mr. Kingsley that the heads of the seventeenth century are the same type as our own; but they certainly contrast favorably with those of the first half of the eighteenth, and it would be strange if they did not, unless it be altogether vain and idle to look for character in countenance. It was not merely that the heroic type was wanting: that the age of Hampden and Cromwell, Milton and Andrew Marvel, was no more. Corruption had usurped the place of patriotism, public men had degenerated during the reigns of George I. and George II.; and a corresponding decline may be observed in the intellectual class, especially in the men of letters. Their social position was lowered, and their tone had sunk with it. They were no longer the favored companions of statesmen and nobles. They no longer looked forward to becoming members of Parliament, or secretaries of state, or secretaries of embassy, or well-paid commissioners, or high dignitaries of the Church, as the reward of services rendered or distinctions earned by the pen. Compare the relative position in these respects of Pope, Addison, Prior, Steel, Gay, and Swift, with that of Fielding, Smollett, Johnson, and Goldsmith, prior to the accession of George III. There is a startling contrast between Johnson signing himself "Impransus," and Swift sending the lord treasurer (Harley) into the House of Commons to call out the secretary of state (St. John), only to let him know that he (Swift) would not dine with him if he dined late.

Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the *garret*, and the jail.

The first edition of "The Vanity of Human Wishes" was published in 1749. The disappointment and mortification Johnson underwent from the fallacious patronage of Lord Chesterfield led to the change in the subsequent editions of *garret* for *patron*. "Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before." . . . "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling

* History of the Modern Styles of Architecture. By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S., etc. Vol. iii, p. 314.

† By Henry Brooke, published in 1766, and republished by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, with a Preface and Life of the Author, in 1859. It was not worth republishing, being defaced throughout by glaring absurdities and bad taste. A lady's dress is thus described: "A scarf of cerulean tint flew between her right shoulder and her left hip, being buttoned at each end by a row of rubies. . . . A coronet of diamonds, through which there passed a white branch of the feathers of the ostrich, was inserted on the left decline of her lovely head, and a stomacher of inestimable brilliance rose beneath her dazzling bosom, and by a fluctuating blaze of unremitted light, checked and turned the eye away from too presumptuous a gaze!"

for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help?"* When this was written, private patronage had ceased to be munificent or encouraging, and public patronage, that of the general readers and buyers, had not begun to be remunerative. For "The Vanity of Human Wishes" — which Byron called "a grand poem, and so true," which Scott pronounced the finest poem of the century after Pope — the author received fifteen guineas.

Mr. Lecky attributes this (obviously transition) state of things to the misemployment of the resources of the State by Walpole and Newcastle, for political ends, to the entire neglect of the intellectual interests of the country; and he digresses at some length to maintain that ample provision should be made for men of intellectual pursuits, so as to render them independent of popular support.

The inevitable result of the law of supply and demand, if left without restriction, is either to degrade or destroy both literature and science, or else to throw them exclusively into the hands of those who possess private means of subsistence. This is not a matter of speculation or of controversy, but of fact, and any one who is even moderately acquainted with literary or scientific biography may abundantly verify it. It is certain that the higher forms of literature and science are as a rule unsupported, that men of extraordinary abilities have spent the most useful and laborious lives in these pursuits without earning the barest competence, that many of the most splendid works of genius and many of the most fruitful and conscientious researches are due to men whose lives were passed between the garret and the spunging-house, and who were reduced to a penury sometimes verging upon starvation. Neither Bacon, nor Newton, nor Locke, nor Descartes, nor Gibbon, nor Hume, nor Adam Smith, nor Montesquieu, nor Berkeley, nor Butler, nor Coleridge, nor Bentham, nor Milton, nor Wordsworth, could have made a livelihood by their works, and the same may be said of all, or nearly all, writers on mathematics, metaphysics, political economy, archaeology, and physical science in all its branches, as well as of the great majority of the greatest writers in other fields. Very few of those men whose genius has irradiated nations, and whose writings have become the eternal heritage of mankind, obtained from their works the income of a successful village doctor or provincial attorney.

The question being whether the existing state of things demands a given remedy, we have nothing to do with what may

have occurred in a pre-existing state of things. Is it true that the higher forms of literature and science are as a rule unsupported *now*? Was or is this the experience of Sir Walter Scott, Moore, Southey, Jeffrey, Lockhart, Macaulay, Froude, Lord Lytton, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, Owen, Tyndall, Huxley? Or, more correctly speaking, have they not received a fair return for their labors? for, be it observed, if a man only devotes a portion of his time to literature or science, he cannot expect it to be all-sufficing for his support. And this remark is especially applicable to the list of eminent persons which Mr. Lecky cites as quite decisive upon the point. Very few of them sought or expected to make a livelihood by their works. They were more or less independent of authorship. But surely Mr. Lecky will not contend that this was the main-spring of their productive energy, and that, unless they had been independent, their works would never have been produced at all; still less that we ought to select an indefinite number of men of promise and gave them an independence, at starting, in the hope that some of them may turn out Bacons, Newtons, Miltons, or Lockes. Yet his argument is not that embryo authors should be stimulated into extraordinary efforts by specific honors and rewards, in addition to the hopes of fame and fortune common to all, but that "latent genius should be evoked, and directed to the spheres in which it is most fitted to excel," by liberal endowments in the nature of fellowships and ecclesiastical preferments. These, he says, "have as a matter of fact, produced many works of great and sterling value which would never have been written without them." The sole matter of fact is that Church dignitaries have produced theological works of value; a meagre set-off to the probable amount of power and energy that has vegetated or lain dormant in cathedral stalls and colleges.

Examples tell both ways or every way; for great works have been produced under every variety of circumstance and condition. We must look below the surface, to the ordinary motives that actuate mankind. Even assuming the entire absence of favor and affection, with an exceptional power of discrimination, in the selection of the nominees to the proposed endowments, it is running counter to all we know of human nature to assume that ease, comfort, competence, prosperity, are favorable to intellectual development, exertion, and

* Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield, Feb. 7, 1755.

activity. Would the privilege of undisturbed study from youth upwards suffice to produce a philosopher, an historian, or a poet? Would it have produced a Homer, a Milton, a Dante, or a Shakespeare? How, immured in a college, could they have collected their materials, or whence have derived their inspiration? Excitement, agitation, the storms and trials of life, varied experience, changes of fortune, alternating hopes and fears, were their congenial atmosphere, their school. If anything can be confidently predicated of the Homeric poems, it is that they were not the product of learned leisure. If Milton wrote in poverty for fame, and Dante poured forth his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" under the irresistible impulse of patriotic indignation or personal sense of wrong, Shakespeare certainly dashed off his plays, like a modern playwright, with a distinct and well-understood view to the pecuniary results. So did Molière. Dryden notoriously wrote for money. So did Pope. So did Scott. So did Byron, after a short struggle with his pride. So did Wordsworth, although his earnings fell short of his expectations and his own estimate of his deserts. He did not write better by becoming a collector of excise. Johnson invariably avowed that he did not understand any one submitting to intellectual labor except from necessity; and it is quite as certain, as much of what Mr. Lecky calls "matter of fact," that if the lexicographer had been appointed to a fellowship or tutorship, instead of leaving the university without a degree from poverty, he would never have undertaken the "Dictionary."

"It is difficult," says Mr. Lecky, "to overestimate the amount of evil in the world which has sprung from vices in literature which may be distinctly traced to the circumstances of the author. Had Rousseau been a happy and a prosperous man, the whole history of modern Europe might have been changed." If Rousseau had been a happy and a prosperous man, he would not have been Rousseau. If Byron had been a moral and domestic man, he would not have written "Childe Harold" or "Don Juan," and it is open to Mr. Lecky to say, "So much the better for the world." But this is tantamount to saying that the proposed stimulant would act as a moral sedative, and that it would be well to bring all future poems within Piron's category:—

Il faut que la vertu plus que l'esprit y brille,
La mère en prescrivra la lecture à sa fille.

We have paused upon this subject because Mr. Lecky's treatment of it is characteristic. It is one amongst many which he has discussed with candor, with knowledge, with copious illustration in excellent language; but without the requisite comprehensiveness and depth, and without landing us on any satisfactory conclusion at the end. He is more suggestive than convincing, and, in his eagerness to give prominence to particular views, he is apt to lose sight of their relative importance and the space to which they are entitled as bearing on the professed object of his work. What are meant and ought to be tributary streams, are sometimes greater than the main current and run parallel instead of flowing into it. He has undertaken not the history of the British empire, but the history of England during a given period; that is, its internal civil history, with especial reference to the degree and causes of its growth—social, moral, and intellectual—in laws, manners, customs, opinions, and institutions. His plan, although limited, is still vast. For example, it may be held to include most of the subjects treated by Mr. Leslie Stephen in his "History of English Thought during the Eighteenth Century;" for all revolutions in thought, all openings of new channels for mind, necessarily affect national growth. The influence of France, again, even prior to the volcanic eruption of 1789, was quite as perceptible in English modes of thinking and ways of life as that of Scotland, Ireland, or the colonies. We should say that the influence of Ireland was the weakest of the external influences: that it was hardly felt at all prior to the Union. Yet Mr. Lecky has devoted more than half a volume, three hundred and forty-five pages, to Irish history, taking it up in right earnest from the Irish wars of Elizabeth, and bringing it down to 1759. Considered apart, this is perhaps the most striking and valuable portion of his two volumes; but it sets all laws of proportion at defiance.

A similar objection lies against the chapter (one hundred and twenty pages) headed "The Religious Revival," in which, in our opinion, the abiding (if not the primary) influence of Methodism is greatly overestimated; as when it is stated that "the Evangelical movement anticipated, in many of its aspects, that great reaction which passed over Europe after the French Revolution, and it contributed powerfully to perpetuate and intensify it." Here, again, we follow Mr. Lecky with interest, even when he is widely deviating from the

preappointed track. It is the same throughout. His neglect of unity detracts less from his genuine merits and attractiveness as an historian, than could have been anticipated. He always writes well—as only an earnest, high-minded man, of cultivation and accomplishment, can write; he is in all respects trustworthy; although not devoid of imagination and frequently rising into eloquence, he never sacrifices truth to effect; if we do not learn much absolutely new from him, he manages to throw an air of freshness around the most familiar topics; his book is pre-eminently calculated to excite inquiry and reflection; and (above all) we rise from it with the consciousness that the time spent in reading it has been both pleasantly and instructively spent.

[Published by arrangement with HARPER & BROTHERS.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFIDENCES.

FOR a second or two he held the letter in his hand, regarding the outside of it; and it was with more deliberation than haste that he opened it. Perhaps it was with some little tremor of fear—lest the first words that should meet his eye might be cruelly cold and distant. What right had he to expect anything else? Many a time, in thinking carefully over the past, he had recalled the words—the very tone—in which he had addressed her, and had been dismayed to think of their reserve, which had on one or two occasions almost amounted to austerity. He could expect little beyond a formal acknowledgment of the receiving of his letter, and the present that had accompanied it.

Imagine, then, his surprise when he took out from the envelope a number of sheets closely written over in her beautiful, small, neat hand. Hastily his eye ran over the first few lines; and then surprise gave way to a singular feeling of gratitude and joy. Was it indeed she who was writing to him thus? When he had been thinking of her as some one far away and unapproachable—who could have no thought of him or of the too brief time in which he had been near to her—had she indeed been treas-

uring up some recollection that she now seemed disposed to value?

"You will guess that I am woman enough," she wrote, "to be greatly pleased and flattered by your sending me such a beautiful present; but you must believe me when I say that its chief value to me was its showing me that I had another friend in the world who was not disposed to forget me the next day after bidding me good-bye. Perhaps you will say that I am cynical; but actresses are accustomed to find the friendships they make—outside the sphere of their own profession—of a singularly temporary character. We are praised and flattered to-day, and forgotten to-morrow. I don't complain. It is only natural. People go away to their own families and home occupations: why should they remember a person who has amused them for an hour?"

Miss Gertrude White could, when she chose, write a clever and interesting letter—interesting from its very simplicity and frankness; and as Macleod read on and on, he ceased to feel any wonder that this young lady should be placing before him such ample revelations of her experiences and opinions. Indeed, it was more than suggested in this confidential chat that Sir Keith Macleod himself had been the first cause of her having carefully studied her own position and the influence likely to be exerted on her by her present mode of life.

"One meets with the harsher realities of an actress's life," she said, "in the provinces. It is all very fine in London, when all the friends you happen to have are in town, and where there is constant amusement, and pleasant parties, and nice people to meet; and then you have the comforts of your own home around you, and quiet and happy Sundays. But a provincial tour!—the constant travelling, and rehearsals with strange people, and damp lodgings, and miserable hotels, and wet Sundays in smoky towns! Papa is very good and kind, you know; but he is interested in his books, and he goes about all day hunting after curiosities, and one has not a soul to speak to. Then the audiences: I have witnessed one or two scenes lately that would unnerve any one; and of course I have to stand helpless and silent on the stage until the tumult is stilled and the original offenders expelled. Some sailors the other evening amused themselves by clambering down from the top gallery to the pit, hanging on to the gas-brackets and the pillars; and one of them managed to reach the orchestra, jump from the drum

on to the stage, and then offered me a glass of whiskey from a big black bottle he had in his hand. When I told papa he laughed, and said I should be proud of my triumph over the man's imagination. But when the people roared with laughter at my discomfiture I felt as though I would rather be earning my bread by selling watercresses in the street or by stitching in a garret."

Of course the cry of the poor injured soul found a ready echo in his heart. It was monstrous that she should be subjected to such indignities. And then that cruel old pagan of a father—was he not ashamed of himself to see the results of his own cold-blooded theories? Was this the glory of art? Was this the reward of the sacrifice of a life? That a sensitive girl should be publicly insulted by a tipsy maniac, and jeered at by a brutal crowd? Macleod laid down the letter for a minute or two, and the look on his face was not lovely to see.

"You may think it strange that I should write thus to you," she said; "but if I say that it was yourself who first set me thinking about such things? And since I have been thinking about them I have had no human being near me to whom I could speak. You know papa's opinions. Even if my dearest friend, Mrs. Ross, were here, what would she say? She has known me only in London. She thinks it a fine thing to be a popular actress. She sees people ready to pet me in a way—so long as society is pleased to have a little curiosity about me. But she does not see the other side of the picture. She does not even ask how long all this will last. She never thinks of the cares and troubles and downright hard work. If ever you heard me sing, you will know that I have very little of a voice, and that not worth much; but trifling as it is, you would scarcely believe the care and cultivation I have to spend on it, merely for business purposes. Mrs. Ross no doubt sees that it is pleasant enough for a young actress, who is fortunate enough to have won some public favor, to go sailing in a yacht on the Thames, on a summer day, with nice companions around her. She does not see her on a wet day in Newcastle, practising scales for an hour at a stretch, though her throat is half choked with the fog, in a dismal parlor with a piano out of tune, and with the prospect of having to go out through the wet to a rehearsal in a damp and draughty theatre with escaped gas added to the fog. That is very nice, isn't it?"

It almost seemed to him—so intense and eager was his involuntary sympathy—as though he himself were breathing fog and gas and the foul odors of an empty theatre. He went to the window and threw it open, and sat down there. The stars were no longer quivering white on the black surface of the water, for the moon had risen now in the south, and there was a soft glow all shining over the smooth Atlantic. Sharp and white was the light on the stone walls of Castle Dare, and on the gravelled path, and the rocks and the trees around; but far away it was a milder radiance that lay over the sea, and touched here and there the shores of Inch Kenneth and Ulva and Colonsay. It was a fair and peaceful night, with no sound of human unrest to break the sleep of the world. Sleep, solemn and profound, dwelt over the lonely islands—over Staffa, with her resounding caves, and Fladda, with her desolate rocks, and Iona, with her fairy-white sands, and the distant Dutchman, and Coll, and Tiree, all haunted by the wild sea-birds' cry; and a sleep as deep dwelt over the silent hills, far up under the cold light of the skies. Surely if any poor suffering heart was vexed by the contentions of crowded cities, here, if anywhere in the world, might rest and peace and loving solace be found. He sat dreaming there; he had half forgotten the letter.

He roused himself from his reverie, and returned to the light.

"And yet I would not complain of mere discomfort," she continued, "if that were all. People who have to work for their living must not be too particular. What pains me most of all is the effect that this sort of work is having on myself. You would not believe—and I am almost ashamed to confess—how I am worried by small and mean jealousies and anxieties, and how I am tortured by the expression of opinions which, all the same, I hold in contempt. I reason with myself to no purpose. It ought to be no concern of mine if some girl in a burlesque makes the house roar by the manner in which she walks up and down the stage, smoking a cigar; and yet I feel angry at the audience for applauding such stuff, and I wince when I see her praised in the papers. Oh, these papers! I have been making minute inquiries of late; and I find that the usual way in these towns is to let the young literary aspirant who has just joined the office, or the clever compositor who has been promoted to the sub-editor's room, try his hand first of all at

reviewing books, and then turn him on to dramatic and musical criticism! Occasionally a reporter, who has been round the police courts to get notes of the night charges, will drop into the theatre on his way to the office, and 'do a par,' as they call it. Will you believe it possible that the things written of me by these persons — with their pretentious airs of criticism, and their gross ignorance cropping up at every point — have the power to vex and annoy me most terribly? I laugh at the time, but the phrase rankles in my memory all the same. One learned young man said of me the other day: 'It is really distressing to mark the want of unity in her artistic characterizations, when one regards the natural advantages that nature has heaped upon her with no sparing hand.' The natural 'advantages' that nature has heaped upon me! 'And perhaps, also,' he went on to say, 'Miss White would do well to pay some little more attention before venturing on pronouncing the classic names of Greece. Iphigenia herself would not have answered to her name if she had heard it pronounced with the accent on the fourth syllable.'

MacLeod brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"If I had that fellow," said he, aloud — "if I had that fellow, I should like to spin for a shark off Dubh Artach light-house." And here a most unholy vision rose before him of a new sort of sport — a sailing launch going about six knots an hour, a goodly rope at the stern with a huge hook through the gill of the luckless critic, a swivel to make him spin, and then a few smart trips up and down by the side of the lonely Dubh Artach rocks, where Mr. Ewing and his companions occasionally find a few sharks coming up to the surface to stare at them.

"Is it not too ridiculous that such things should vex me — that I should be so absolutely at the mercy of the opinion of people whose judgment I know to be absolutely valueless? I find the same thing all around me. I find a middle-aged man, who knows his work thoroughly, and has seen all the best actors of the past quarter of a century, will go about quite proudly with a scrap of approval from some newspaper, written by a young man who has never travelled beyond the suburbs of his native town, and has seen no acting beyond that of the local company. But there is another sort of critic — the veteran, the man who has worked hard on the paper and worn himself out, and who is turned off from politics, and pensioned by

being allowed to display his imbecility in less important matters. Oh dear! what lessons he reads you! The solemnity of them! Don't you know that at the end of the second act the business of Mrs. So-and-So (some actress who died when George IV. was king) was this, that, or the other? — and how dare you, you impertinent minx, fly in the face of well-known stage traditions? I have been introduced lately to a specimen of both classes. I think the young man — he had beautiful long fair hair and a Byronic collar, and was a little nervous — fell in love with me, for he wrote a furious panegyric of me, and sent it next morning with a bouquet, and begged for my photograph. The elderly gentleman, on the other hand, gave me a great deal of good advice; but I subdued even him, for before he went away he spoke in a broken voice, and there were tears in his eyes, which papa said were owing to a variety of causes. It is ludicrous enough, no doubt, but it is also a little bit humiliating. I try to laugh the thing away, whether the opinion expressed about me is solemnly stupid or merely impertinent, but the vexation of it remains, and the chief vexation to me is that I should have so little command of myself, so little respect for myself, as to suffer myself to be vexed. But how can one help it? Public opinion is the very breath and life of a theatre and of every one connected with it; and you come to attach importance to the most foolish expression of opinion in the most obscure print.

"And so, my dear friend, I have had my grumble out — and made my confession too, for I should not like to let every one know how foolish I am about those petty vexations — and you will see that I have not forgotten what you said to me, and that further reflection and experience have only confirmed it. But I must warn you. Now that I have victimized you to this fearful extent, and liberated my mind, I feel much more comfortable. As I write there is a blue color coming into the windows that tells me the new day is coming. Would it surprise you if the new day brought a complete new set of feelings? I have begun to doubt whether I have got any opinions — whether, having to be so many different people in the course of a week, I have any clear notion as to what I myself am. One thing is certain, that I have been greatly vexed and worried of late by a succession of the merest trifles; and when I got your kind letter and present this evening, I suddenly thought, 'Now for a complete confession and protest.' I

know you will forgive me for having victimized you, and that as soon as you have thrown this rambling epistle into the fire you will try to forget all the nonsense it contains, and will believe that I hope all ways to remain your friend,

"GERTRUDE WHITE."

His quick and warm sympathy refused to believe the half of this letter. It was only because she knew what was owing to the honor and self-respect of a true woman that she spoke in this tone of bitter and scornful depreciation of herself. It was clear that she was longing for the dignity and independence of a more natural way of life. And this revelation—that she was not, after all, banished forever into that cold region of art in which her father would fain keep her—somewhat bewildered him at first. The victim might be reclaimed from the altar and restored to the sphere of simple human affections, natural duties, and joy? And if he—

Suddenly, and with a shock of delight that made his heart throb, he tried to picture this beautiful fair creature sitting over there in that very chair by the side of the fire, her head bent down over her sewing, the warm light of the lamp touching the tender curve of her cheek. And when she lifted her head to speak to him—and when her large and lambent eyes met his—surely Fionaghal, the fair poetess from strange lands, never spoke in softer tones than this other beautiful stranger, who was now his wife and his heart's companion. And now he would bid her lay aside her work, and he would get a white shawl for her, and like a ghost she would steal out with him into the moonlight air. And is there enough wind on this summer night to take them out from the sombre shore to the open plain of the sea? Look now, as the land recedes, at the high walls of Castle Dare, over the black cliffs, and against the stars. Far away they see the graveyard of Inch Kenneth, the stones pale in the moonlight. And what song will she sing now, that Ulva and Colonsay may awake and fancy that some mermaid is singing to bewail her lost lover? The night is sad—and the song is sad—and then, somehow, he finds himself alone in this waste of water—and all the shores of the islands are silent and devoid of life—and there is only the echo of the sad singing in his ears—

He jumps to his feet, for there is a knocking at the door. The gentle Cousin Janet enters, and hastily he thrusts that letter into his pocket, while his face blushes hotly.

"Where have you been, Keith?" she says, in her quiet, kindly way. "Auntie would like to say good-night to you now."

"I will come directly," said he.

"And now that Norman Ogilvie is away, Keith," said she, "you will take more rest about the shooting; for you have not been looking like yourself at all lately; and you know, Keith, when you are not well and happy, it is no one at all about Dare that is happy either. And that is why you will take care of yourself."

He glanced at her rather uneasily; but he said, in a light and careless way,—

"Oh, I have been well enough, Janet, except that I was not sleeping well one or two nights. And if you look after me like that, you will make me think I am a baby, and you will send me some warm flannels when I go up on the hills."

"It is too proud of your hardihood you are, Keith," said his cousin, with a smile. "But there never was a man of your family who would take any advice."

"I would take any advice from you, Janet," said he; and therewith he followed her to bid good-night to the silver-haired mother.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RESOLVE.

HE slept but little that night, and early the next morning he was up and out and away by himself—paying but little heed to the rushing blue seas, and the white gulls, and the sunshine touching the far sands on the shores of Iona. He was in a fever of unrest. He knew not what to make of that letter; it might mean anything or nothing. Alternations of wild hopes and cold despair succeeded each other. Surely it was unusual for a girl so to reveal her innermost confidences to any one whom she considered a stranger? To him alone had she told this story of her private troubles. Was it not in effect asking for a sympathy which she could not hope for from any other? Was it not establishing a certain secret between them? Her own father did not know. Her sister was too young to be told. Friends like Mrs. Ross could not understand why this young and beautiful actress, the favorite of the public, could be dissatisfied with her lot. It was to him alone she had appealed.

And then again he read the letter. The very frankness of it made him fear. There was none of the shyness of a girl writing to one who might be her lover. She might have written thus to one of her

school companions. He eagerly searched it for some phrase of tenderer meaning; but no—there was a careless abandonment about it, as if she had been talking without thinking of the person she addressed. She had even joked about a young man falling in love with her. It was a matter of perfect indifference to her. It was ludicrous, as the shape of the lad's collar was ludicrous, but of no more importance. And thus she receded from his imagination again, and became a thing apart—the white slave bound in those cruel chains that seemed to all but herself and him the badges of triumph.

Herself and him—the conjunction set his heart throbbing quickly. He eagerly bethought himself how this secret understanding could be strengthened if only he might see her and speak to her. He could tell by her eyes what she meant, whatever her words might be. *If only he could see her again*: all his wild hopes, and fears, and doubts—all his vague fancies and imaginings—began to narrow themselves down to this one point; and this immediate desire became all-consuming. He grew sick at heart when he looked round and considered how vain was the wish.

The gladness had gone from the face of Keith Macleod. Not many months before, any one would have imagined that the life of this handsome young fellow, whose strength and courage and high spirits seemed to render him insensible to any obstacle, had every thing in it that the mind of man could desire. He had a hundred interests and activities; he had youth and health and a comely presence; he was on good terms with everybody around him—for he had a smile and a cheerful word for each one he met, gentle or simple. All this gay, glad life seemed to have fled. The watchful Hamish was the first to notice that his master began to take less and less interest in the shooting and boating and fishing; and at times the old man was surprised and disturbed by an exhibition of querulous impatience that had certainly never before been one of Macleod's failings. Then his cousin Janet saw that he was silent and absorbed; and his mother inquired once or twice why he did not ask one or other of his neighbors to come over to Dare to have a day's shooting with him.

"I think you are finding the place lonely, Keith, now that Norman Ogilvie is gone," said she.

"Ah, mother," he said, with a laugh, "it is not Norman Ogilvie, it is London, that has poisoned my mind. I should never

have gone to the south. I am hungering for the flesh-pots of Egypt already; and I am afraid some day I will have to come and ask you to let me go away again."

He spoke jestingly, and yet he was regarding his mother.

"I know it is not pleasant for a young man to be kept fretting at home," said she. "But it is not long now I will ask you to do that, Keith."

Of course this brief speech only drove him into more vigorous demonstration that he was not fretting at all; and for a time he seemed more engrossed than ever in all the occupations he had but recently abandoned. But whether he was on the hillside, or down in the glen, or out among the islands, or whether he was trying to satisfy the hunger of his heart with books long after every one in Castle Dare had gone to bed, he could not escape from this gnawing and torturing anxiety. It was no beautiful and gentle sentiment that possessed him—a pretty thing to dream about during a summer's morning—but, on the contrary, a burning fever of unrest, that left him peace nor day nor night. "Sudden love is followed by sudden hate," says the Gaelic proverb; but there had been no suddenness at all about this passion that had stealthily got hold of him; and he had ceased even to hope that it might abate or depart altogether. He had to "dree his weird." And when he read in books about the joy and delight that accompany the awakening of love—how the world suddenly becomes fair, and the very skies are bluer than their wont—he wondered whether he was different from other human beings. The joy and delight of love? He knew only a sick hunger of the heart and a continual and brooding despair.

One morning he was going along the cliffs, his only companion being the old black retriever, when suddenly he saw, far away below him, the figure of a lady. For a second his heart stood still at the sight of this stranger; for he knew it was neither the mother nor Janet; and she was coming along a bit of greensward from which, by dint of much climbing, she might have reached Castle Dare. But as he watched her he caught sight of some other figures, further below on the rocks. And then he perceived—as he saw her return with a handful of bell-heather—that this party had come from Iona, or Bunessan, or some such place, to explore one of the great caves on this coast, while this lady had wandered away from them in search of some wild flowers. By-and-by he saw the small boat, with its sprit-sail white in the

sun, go away toward the south, and the lonely coast was left as lonely as before.

But ever after that he grew to wonder what Gertrude White, if ever she could be persuaded to visit his home, would think of this thing and of that thing — what flowers she would gather — whether she would listen to Hamish's stories of the fairies — whether she would be interested in her small countryman, Johnny Wickes, who was now in kilts, with his face and legs as brown as a berry — whether the favorable heavens would send her sunlight and blue skies, and the moonlight nights reveal to her the solemn glory of the sea and the lonely islands. Would she take his hand to steady herself in passing over the slippery rocks? What would she say if suddenly she saw above her — by the opening of a cloud — a stag standing high on a crag near the summit of Ben-an-Sloich? And what would the mother and Janet say to that singing of hers, if they were to hear her put all the tenderness of the low, sweet voice into "Wae's me for Prince Charlie?"

There was one secret nook that more than any other he associated with her presence; and thither he would go when this heart-sickness seemed too grievous to be borne. It was down in a glen beyond the fir wood; and here the ordinary desolation of this bleak coast ceased, for there were plenty of young larches on the sides of the glen, with a tall silver birch or two; while down in the hollow there were clumps of alders by the side of the brawling stream. And this dell that he sought was hidden away from sight, with the sun but partially breaking through the alders and rowans, and bespeckling the great gray boulders by the side of the burn, many of which were covered by the softest of olive-green moss. Here, too, the brook, that had been broken just above by intercepting stones, swept clearly and limpidly over a bed of smooth rock; and in the golden-brown water the trout lay, and scarcely moved until some motion of his hand made them shoot up stream with a lightning speed. And then the wild flowers around — the purple ling and red bell-heather growing on the silver-gray rocks; a foxglove or two towering high above the golden-green breckans; the red star of a crane's-bill among the velvet moss. Even if she were overawed by the solitariness of the Atlantic and the gloom of the tall cliffs and their yawning caves, surely here would be a haven of peace and rest, with sunshine, and flowers, and the pleasant murmur of the stream.

What did it say, then, as one sat and listened in the silence? When the fair poetess from strange lands came among the Macleods, did she seek out this still retreat, and listen, and listen, and listen, until she caught the music of this monotonous murmur, and sang it to her harp? And was it not all a song about the passing away of life, and how that summer days were for the young, and how the world was beautiful for lovers? "Oh, children!" it seemed to say, "why should you waste your lives in vain endeavor, while the winter is coming quick, and the black snow-storms, and a roaring of wind from the sea? Here I have flowers for you, and beautiful sunlight, and the peace of summer days. Time passes — time passes — time passes — and you are growing old. While as yet the heart is warm and the eye is bright, here are summer flowers for you, and a silence fit for the mingling of lovers' speech. If you listen not, I laugh at you and go my way. But the winter is coming fast."

Far away in these grimy towns, fighting with mean cares and petty jealousies, dissatisfied, despondent, careless as to the future, how could this message reach her to fill her heart with the singing of a bird? He dared not send it, at all events. But he wrote to her. And the bitter travail of the writing of that letter he long remembered. He was bound to give her his sympathy, and to make light as well as he could of those very evils which he had been the first to reveal to her. He tried to write in as frank and friendly a spirit as she had done; the letter was quite cheerful.

"Did you know," said he, "that once upon a time the chief of the Macleods married a fairy? And whether Macleod did not treat her well, or whether the fairy folk reclaimed her, or whether she grew tired of the place, I do not know quite; but, at all events, they were separated, and she went away to her own people. But before she went away she gave to Macleod a fairy banner — the *bratach sìth* it is known as — and she told him that if ever he was in great peril, or had any great desire, he was to wave that flag, and whatever he desired would come to pass. But the virtue of the *bratach sìth* would depart after it had been waved three times. Now the small green banner has been waved only twice; and now I believe it is still preserved in the Castle of Dunvegan, with power to work one more miracle on behalf of the Macleods. And if I had the fairy flag, do you know what I

would do with it? I would take it in my hand, and say: *'I desire the fairy people to remove my friend Gertrude White from all the evil influences that disturb and distress her. I desire them to heal her wounded spirit, and secure for her everything that may tend to her lifelong happiness. And I desire that all the theatres in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—with all their musical instruments, lime-light, and painted scenes—may be taken and dropped into the ocean, midway between the islands of Ulva and Coll, so that the fairy folk may amuse themselves in them if they will so please.'*

Would not that be a very nice form of incantation? We are very strong believers here in the power of one person to damage another in absence; and when you can kill a man by sticking pins into a waxen image of him—which everybody knows to be true—surely you ought to be able to help a friend, especially with the aid of the *bratach sìth*. Imagine Covent Garden Theatre a hundred fathoms down in the deep sea, with mermaids playing the brass instruments in the orchestra, and the fairy folk on the stage, and seals disporting themselves in the stalls, and guillemots shooting about the upper galleries in pursuit of fish. But we should get no peace from Iona. The fairies there are very pious people. They used to carry St. Columba about when he got tired. They would be sure to demand the shutting up of all the theatres, and the destruction of the brass instruments. And I don't see how we could reasonably object."

It was a cruel sort of jesting; but how otherwise than as a jest could he convey to her, an actress, his wish that all theatres were at the bottom of the sea? For a brief time that letter seemed to establish some link of communication between him and her. He followed it on its travels by sea and land. He thought of its reaching the house in which she dwelt—perhaps some plain and grimy building in a great manufacturing city, or perhaps a small quiet cottage up by Regent's Park, half hidden among the golden leaves of October. Might she not, moreover, after she had opened it and read it, be moved by some passing whim to answer it, though it demanded no answer? He waited for a week, and there was no word or message from the south. She was far away, and silent. And the hills grew lonelier than before, and the sickness of his heart increased.

This state of mind could not last. His longing and impatience and unrest became

more than he could bear. It was in vain that he tried to satisfy his imaginative craving with these idle visions of her: it was she herself he must see; and he set about devising all manner of wild excuses for one last visit to the south. But the more he considered these various projects, the more ashamed he grew in thinking of his taking any one of them and placing it before the beautiful old dame who reigned in Castle Dare. He had barely been three months at home: how could he explain to her this sudden desire to go away again?

One morning his cousin Janet came to him.

"Oh, Keith!" said she, "the whole house is in commotion; and Hamish is for murdering some of the lads; and there is no one would dare to bring the news to you. The two young buzzards have escaped."

"I know it," he said. "I let them out myself."

"You!" she exclaimed, in surprise; for she knew the great interest he had shown in watching the habits of the young hawks, that had been captured by a shepherd lad.

"Yes. I let them out last night. It was a pity to have them caged up."

"So long as it was yourself, it is all right," she said; and then she was going away. But she paused, and turned, and said to him, with a smile, "And I think you should let yourself escape too, Keith, for it is you too that are caged up; and perhaps you feel it now more since you have been to London. And if you are thinking of your friends in London, why should you not go for another visit to the south before you settle down to the long winter?"

For an instant he regarded her with some fear. Had she guessed his secret? Had she been watching the outward signs of this constant torture he had been suffering? Had she surmised that the otter-skins about which he had asked her advice were not consigned to any one of the married ladies whose acquaintance he had made in the south, and of whom he had chatted freely enough in Castle Dare? Or was this merely a passing suggestion thrown out by one who was always on the lookout to do a kindness?

"Well, I would like to go, Janet," he said, but with no gladness in his voice; "and it is not more than a week or two I should like to be away; but I do not think the mother would like it; and it is enough money I have spent this year already—"

"There is no concern about the money, Keith," said she simply, "since you have

not touched what I gave you. And if you are set upon it, you know auntie will agree to whatever you wish."

"But how can I explain to her? It is unreasonable to be going away."

How, indeed, could he explain? He was almost assuming that those gentle eyes now fixed on him could read his heart, and that she would come to aid him in his suffering without any further speech from him. And that was precisely what Janet Macleod did—whether or not she had guessed the cause of his desire to get away.

"If you were a schoolboy, Keith, you would be cleverer at making an excuse for playing truant," she said, laughing. "And I could make one for you now."

"You?"

"I will not call it an excuse, Keith," she said, "because I think you would be doing a good work; and I will bear the expense of it, if you please."

He looked more puzzled than ever.

"When we were at Salem yesterday I saw Major Stuart, and he has just come back from Dunrobin. And he was saying very great things about the machine for the drying of crops in wet weather, and he said he would like to go to England to see the newer ones and all the later improvements, if there was a chance of any one about here going shares with him. And it would not be very much, Keith, if you were to share with him; and the machine it can be moved about very well; and in the bad weather you could give the cotters some help, to say nothing about our own hay and corn. And that is what Major Stuart was saying yesterday, that if there was any place that you wanted a drying-machine for the crops it was in Mull."

"I have been thinking of it myself," he said absently, "but our farm is too small to make it pay—"

"But if Major Stuart will take half the expense? And even if you lost a little, Keith, you would save a great deal to the poorer people, who are continually losing their little patches of crops. And will you go and be my agent, Keith, to go and see whether it is practicable?"

"They will not thank you, Janet, for letting them have this help for nothing."

"They shall not have it for nothing," said she—for she had plenty of experience in dealing with the poorer folk around—"they must pay for the fuel that is used. And now, Keith, if it is a holiday you want, will not that be a very good holiday, and one to be used for a very good purpose, too?"

She left him. Where was the eager joy

with which he ought to have accepted this offer? Here was the very means placed within his reach of satisfying the craving desire of his heart; and yet, all the same, he seemed to shrink back with a vague and undefined dread. A thousand impalpable fears and doubts beset his mind. He had grown timid as a woman. The old happy audacity had been destroyed by sleepless nights and a torturing anxiety. It was a new thing for Keith Macleod to have become a prey to strange unintelligible forebodings.

But he went and saw Major Stuart—a round, red, jolly little man, with white hair and a cheerful smile, who had a sombre and melancholy wife. Major Stuart received Macleod's offer with great gravity. It was a matter of business that demanded serious consideration. He had worked out the whole system of drying crops with hot air as it was shown him in pamphlets, reports, and agricultural journals, and he had come to the conclusion that—on paper at least—it could be made to pay. What was wanted was to give the thing a practical trial. If the system was sound, surely any one who helped to introduce it into the western Highlands was doing a very good work indeed. And there was nothing but personal inspection could decide on the various merits of the latest improvements.

This was what he said before his wife one night at dinner. But when the ladies had left the room, the little stout major suddenly put up both his hands, snapped his thumb and middle finger, and very cleverly executed one or two reel steps.

"By George! my boy," said he, with a ferocious grin on his face, "I think we will have a little frolic—a little frolic—a little frolic! You were never shut up in a house for six months with a woman like my wife, were you, Macleod? You were never reminded of your coffin every morning, were you? Macleod, my-boy, I am just mad to get after those drying-machines!"

And indeed Macleod could not have had a merrier companion to go South with him than this rubicund major just escaped from the thralldom of his wife. But it was with no such high spirits that Macleod set out. Perhaps it was only the want of sleep that had rendered him nerveless and morbid; but he felt as he left Castle Dare that there was a lie in his actions, if not in his words. And as for the future that lay before him, it was a region only of doubt, and vague regrets, and unknown fears; and he was entering upon it without any glimpse of light, and without the guidance of any friendly hand.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

FROM THE QUIRINAL TO THE VATICAN.

FROM the Quirinal to the Vatican, from the death-bed of the *Rè Galantuomo*, the first king of United Italy, to the death-bed of Pius IX., the last *Papa Rè* of Rome, the transition has been most startling and most sudden. In all the circumstances associated with these close coincidences of royal and papal deaths, Italy may well feel justified if she once more gratefully recognizes the influence of the benignant star which was believed to have so often shed its light on the fortunes of the nation. The *Rè Galantuomo*, so singularly fortunate in all the events of his life, was not less fortunate in the place and time of his unlooked-for death. An interest of a very different character would have attended the close of his life had it occurred at his Piedmontese villa of La Mandria. There would not, there could not, have been found there, the assemblage of domestic, political, and religious associations which imparted so varied and, in some respects, so important an interest to the last sad farewell taken, to the last solemn blessings given, in the little chamber on the ground-floor of the Quirinal; nor was the *Rè Galantuomo* less fortunate in the time of his departure. Had he died only two months earlier, the prospect of a possible embarrassment in Italian affairs arising from his decease might have lent fresh vigor to the Ultramontane conspirators who were then holding Marshal Macmahon in their toils. But his death, so closely preceding that of Pius IX., furnished the occasion for rekindling in the mind of the aged pontiff all the more generous feelings towards the house of Savoy and the Italian people, by which the commencement of his pontificate had been marked, and paved the way for a better understanding, if not for a complete reconciliation, between the new pope and the new king.

A German commentator on Machiavelli, when expanding and illustrating that passage of "The Prince" in which the Florentine secretary has set forth how completely all the calculations of Cæsar Borgia were overturned by the sudden death of his father, Pope Alexander VI., has observed that, strange as it may seem, the one element in all human combinations which is most certain and unavoidable — the element of mortality — is the one most generally overlooked. The remark, however, did not hold good in the case of Pius IX., for it would be difficult to discover amongst the illustrious and august personages of

the nineteenth century another individual whose decease, whether proximate or remote, has been made the theme of so much speculation, and who, before closing his eyes, has been in an equal degree a party to the discounting of all the political and religious contingencies which his end might bring about. Given up again and again by his physicians, it was his lot to belie all their predictions, until they at last ceased to foretell his approaching death; and then, when they had all agreed that he might live yet two or three years, he put their science and their art once more to scorn, and died when every man in the Vatican believed in the further prolongation of his life. The strange medley of inconsistencies and contradictions by which his character and career were marked revealed itself even in this last phase of his existence; and just as the most fitful and capricious, the most spasmodic and impulsive of human beings had favored the world with the proclamation of his personal infallibility, the frail mortal whose uncertain health was in youth the chief cause of his exchanging the profession of arms for that of the Church, lived on with all his physical infirmities to the age of eighty-five, in his constant illnesses and constant recoveries almost suggesting the idea of the milk-white and immortal hind, "still doomed to death, yet fated not to die." Shortly after the Italian occupation of Rome at the close of 1870, when the animosity between the representatives of the Italian government and the occupants of the Vatican was at its height, there appeared in the windows of all the Roman print-sellers a photograph representing Pope Pius IX. and King Victor Emanuel arm-in-arm, both smiling most pleasantly, and apparently on the very best possible terms. During the seven years that elapsed from its first appearance until the death of both pope and king, the photograph steadily maintained its place as one of the most popular and profitable articles of the photographic trade, nor did its sale appear to be in the least degree affected by the violent language of the papal briefs and speeches denouncing the Savoyard usurper, or the equally violent declamations in the Italian Parliament and press against the clerical foes of liberty. It seemed as if a certain shrewd and sound instinct had taught the people that in the midst of all this war of words much latent good feeling existed towards each other in the hearts of the sovereign and the pontiff, or at any rate that if no such good feeling existed it ought to exist,

and that its existence would promote the best interests of the Italian State and the Catholic Church. The much-talked-of but never-realized conciliation held its place in the minds of the people far more surely than it entered into the calculations of the statesmen or the churchmen; and the popular instinct in this case, as it is in so many others, was a better political guide than the hesitating and distrustful counsels of the cabinet or the curia. The conciliation came at last, and came in a manner so unexpected and amidst circumstances so touching that men could not but regard it as brought about by the interposition of a higher power, and designed to illustrate far higher truths than those bound up with the alternate successes of liberal and clerical opponents, or even with the triumphs of a national and Ultramontane warfare. Pius IX. had never ceased during the whole course of his life to be an Italian patriot; during the earlier period of his life he had been a sincere reformer, and at one epoch it is no exaggeration to say an Italian revolutionist. If his revolutionary period was not of long duration it was at any rate so strongly marked that the early friends who then shared his hopes and aspirations would never consent to look upon him in after life in any other character, and some of them even set up a theory as to his relation to the Church much akin to that once in favor as to Sunderland's relations with our James II. That was simply absurd, and it would be throwing away time to exhibit the evident proofs of its absurdity, and to show that however mistaken in his means Pius IX. had ever during his pontificate the same end in view—the welfare of the Roman Catholic Church.

As a reformer his tendencies were not disclosed for the first time on his elevation to the papal throne. There exists, and in all probability will soon be published, an extensive correspondence which Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, when Bishop of Imola, held with the chief political authorities in Rome, and in which the future pope seeks to impress on the leading persons of the government the necessity of adopting a number of most important reforms, of which some are as much wanted at the present day as when Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti penned the letters alluded to. To give an example, he implores the papal government to make such arrangements with some foreign state as may place at its command a remote island for the sole objects of a penal colony, declaring that all the attempts to deal with brigandage and

with the like crimes in the papal state will prove fruitless, unless the criminals shall for a term of years, or if required, during the whole of their lives, be completely separated by a distant ocean from the rest of the population. There is every reason to believe,—it is but justice to the present Italian government to make the statement—that the actual rulers of the Italian kingdom have an equal conviction of the same truth, and that if full effect has not been given to it the fault lies much more in the jealousy of foreign powers than in the diplomatic action of Italy itself. Pius IX. was a reformer, both from the principles which made him desire a better state of things, and from the kindly feeling which made him desire an increased amount of happiness amongst all around him. But it happened with him as with the emperor Napoleon III., that he often felt most keenly, and in consequence of this feeling promoted most readily, the happiness of the individuals with whom he was brought into immediate contact; and their personal gratification was but too often in direct antagonism with the happiness of the great masses of subjects intrusted to their rule. The more honest advisers of Napoleon III. were so well acquainted with this dangerous weakness in the character of their sovereign, that when they proposed to him any great administrative reform, they not unfrequently made it a regular stipulation that he should not consent to grant personal interviews to the parties whose interests would be wounded. That official adviser of Pius IX. whom it would be unsafe to rank amongst the more honest of his class, his cardinal secretary of state, Antonelli, was so well acquainted with the same peculiarities in the character of the pontiff, that his constant and, as it proved, perfectly successful aim was to shut out Pius IX. as much as possible from all intercourse with all persons excepting those who were subservient to the cardinal's own aims, whose interests were identified with his own, and whose happiness was not likely to be much affected by any sympathy felt or efforts made by them for objects of general and public welfare. Much has been said during the last seven years of the imprisonment in the Vatican of Pius IX. The matchless effrontery with which, in Belgium, France, and the Rhine provinces, circulation was given, with the full knowledge and sanction of the Catholic hierarchy, to the legend respecting Pius IX.'s alleged captivity, and the constant and public sale in those countries of straws taken from the august prisoner's

pallet; and of photographs representing him behind prison bars, throw a striking light on the reckless character of Ultramontane ethics. The Ultramontane prelates, who during their annual visits to the Vatican had the constant opportunity of seeing Pius IX. surrounded by all the old Byzantine splendor of his court, who knew that all his movements were as free as those of their own sovereigns, must have performed a very curious mental process when they succeeded in reasoning themselves into the belief that the constant and daily representation in their presence of that enormous lie was a matter calling for no protest or no rebuke. It must be presumed that they had accepted and acted on the principle set forth with such clearness by Loyola in his "Rules," that if any object seem to the devout believer white, and the Church tells him it is black, his unhesitating duty is to regard and pronounce it black, in accordance with the decision of his spiritual guides. When the story of his reign shall be faithfully and fully written, more prominence will be given to the involuntary imprisonment which, during twenty-eight years, he endured at the hands of his cardinal secretary of state; or, what amounts nearly to the same thing, to the strong, though subtle, network of precautions by which the Richelieu of the papacy made his Louis XIII. his helpless and unresisting tool. And when the same story shall be narrated in all its details, prominence will likewise be given to the fact that at one period of his reign—in the summer months of 1860, immediately preceding the severance of Umbria and the Marches from the papal dominions—a constant watch was kept over all the movements of Pope Pius IX. by the agents of the French police then employed in Rome, for the purpose of impeding any attempt which it was then believed he wished to make to escape to Austria or Spain,—an event which, had it occurred, would have robbed France of the right to exhibit herself to the whole Catholic world as the guardian of papal independence. When that history shall be faithfully and fully told, justice will be done to Cardinal Antonelli, and if it should prove difficult highly to extol his merits, the amount of his demerits will certainly be lessened. He did many mischievous things. But he held with Fielding's predatory hero that mischief was a thing much too precious to be wasted, and that it should only be employed in exact proportion to the special end which it is intended to secure. Cardinal Antonelli's especial end was to heap

up wealth in the coffers, to concentrate power in the hands, and to place fair women at the disposal, of Cardinal Antonelli, and he scrupulously and conscientiously abstained from the commission of any evil-doing which was not directly and immediately subservient to the main purposes of his life.

The real difficulties of Cardinal Antonelli's task can only be understood when they are viewed in connection with the personal character of the pope-king whom he served. Some idea may be formed of the trouble involved, and the care required in the management of Pius IX. from the details, not generally known, of his demeanor on the night when, after the assassination of Rossi, he quitted the Quirinal in disguise for Gaeta. The chroniclers of that event have mentioned that his immediate determination was prompted by the sudden advice of a French ecclesiastic which he regarded in the light of a providential warning. But these chroniclers have passed over in silence the following facts. When all was ready for the departure, the trusted persons who had made the necessary arrangements brought, as the chief part in these arrangements, the disguise—the layman's dress, the wig, the beard, and the green spectacles which the pope was to put on. He at once declared that he could not with a due regard to his present dignity be a party to such mumming. Point by point was then contested, and at a time when every moment was precious he was brought only by degrees to accept first the dress, then the wig, next the green spectacles, and last, after a hard struggle, the beard. Then he was conducted through the several rooms of the Quirinal, which were opened by a master key. At one of the last doors the key refused to do its work, and Pius IX. at once declared that this was an intimation from Heaven which decreed that he ought to remain in the Quirinal and be a martyr. The vacillation or oscillation of his character was however even less embarrassing than his personal piques. A good deal has been said of late on the attitude of the Jesuit father Curci towards the Vatican, and of the harsh treatment which he experienced at the hands of Pius IX. The true relation between the late pope and the Jesuit fathers will be better understood when it is known that Father Curci had been strongly urged by Pius IX. to write the history of his life and reign, that the Jesuit refused, and allowed it but too clearly to be understood that the reason of his refusal was the dislike to undertake a

biographical whitewashing of Giovanni Mastai-Ferretti. The pope never forgave him. Such were some of the most prominent and familiar features in the character of the pope-king whom Cardinal Antonelli so long served — it would be more correct to say over whom he so long ruled — as secretary of state.

The best tribute to the memory of Cardinal Antonelli is the frightful state of anarchy into which the Vatican was thrown immediately after his death, and which it continued to present until the moment of Pius IX's decease. The mind of the poor old pope was eternally tossed to and fro in a perfect tempest of accusations, recriminations, calumnies, innuendoes, raised up around him by the fury of rival factions, so that it is scarcely too much to say that whatever may be the degree of papal command over the purgatory of another world, it did not during the last fifteen months of Pius IX's sojourn in this world exempt him from the experience of something greatly resembling a purgatory here. The meeting of the Swiss Guards, so soon after the present pope's succession, deserves to be regarded, not so much in the light of a regular Ultramontane conspiracy organized against Leo XIII., as in that of the natural crown and climax of the general confusion in which the new pope found the whole Vatican plunged when he formally took possession of its halls. It is probable that this state of matters had not a little to do with hastening the decision of the conclave, for the Sacred College had to take into account not merely the importance of exhibiting to the Catholic world the spectacle of early and united counsel, it had also to face the present and pressing necessity of bringing something like order into the precincts of the Vatican.

The election of Cardinal Joachim Pecci to the highest dignity in the Roman Catholic Church was chiefly, if not wholly, due to the reaction provoked amongst the Italian cardinals against the violent Ultramontane agitation by which the Catholic world has been long convulsed. That reaction assumed two widely distinct forms — one on the part of nearly a half of the Sacred College to let the relations between the Vatican and the Italian government remain for the moment on pretty much the same footing as they have exhibited since 1870, in other words, to continue protesting against the Italian aggression, but not to push the antagonism much further than a mere protest; whilst with another section of the cardinals this modified hostility would have been exchanged for an open

and direct conciliation. Cardinal Pecci himself belonged to the former group, and may indeed be regarded as the most faithful representative of its views. During his civil and ecclesiastical career as governor of the papal provinces of Benevento and Perugia, as nuncio at the court of Brussels from 1843 to 1846, and finally as Archbishop of Perugia, and from the last-named date until his elevation to the tiara, he furnished ample opportunities to the infinite variety of persons with whom he came in contact for correctly estimating his character, and the general estimate thus formed is beyond all question highly favorable. The anecdotes which have been lately published respecting his singular vigor in the administration of Benevento are declared by persons then living in that province to possess a somewhat apocryphal character. But it is certain that he brought from the court of Leopold I. — or perhaps it would be more correct to say that he developed and strengthened at that court — a more than common degree of diplomatic *finesse*, the habit of tolerating political and religious differences, the talent and tact by which statesmen or churchmen placed by their office amongst hostile and contending parties contrive to keep on good terms with foes as well as friends, and even inspire the antagonists whom they must combat or curb with the belief that as regards the enemy with whom they have to deal they might go further and fare much worse. The position in 1846 either of a civil governor or an archbishop in the third city of the papal dominions gave to its holder the means, if he possessed the tastes, of not only exhibiting aptness in the discharge of his official duties, but also of indulging in many social courtesies and hospitalities; and Perugia abounds in pleasant and grateful memories of the social gatherings and genial hospitality during the early part of Cardinal Pecci's official and episcopal rule. Of his alleged vein for poetry it might perhaps be safe to believe that his verses were probably much admired by his vicar-general, chaplains, and secretary; but there is no evidence of his ever having, like old Pope Urban VIII., inflicted his own sonnets without mercy on the persons who sought an audience on matters of public business. His interest in the fine arts is much more positively attested by his care for the preservation of the glorious artistic monuments in which Perugia abounds, and even by the expense, considerable for his means, which he personally incurred in the work of restoring the

cathedral, whatever the taste may be with which those restorations were carried out. But the opening years of the archbishop's sway were marked by events of a far more exciting character than these.

The creative genius of Italy was all concentrated in a task far nobler than any efforts of plastic or pictorial art—it labored to build up a structure more imposing than the cathedral of Milan, and towering aloft more proudly than St. Peter's dome itself. One of the chief masters in this national undertaking, Vincenzo Gioberti, was the personal friend of Monsignor Pecci, and the patriots of Perugia felt pleasure and pride at the arrival in their city of the author of the "*Primato*;" and the fact that during his stay amongst them he was the honored guest of their bishop, naturally served to increase the esteem in which they held their ecclesiastical ruler. At length the war of 1848 broke out, and the band of patriotic Perugians which left the city of the Apennines for the plains of Lombardy included in its ranks some even of the clerical teachers in the episcopal seminary. Then all Italian patriots learned with dismay that the same pontiff who had blessed the first movements of the Italian revolution had just as openly denounced that revolution when it assumed the natural and quite inevitable character of a national war. Straightway archbishops and bishops, taking their cue from the Vatican, discovered that Italian nationality had its heterodox aspect, and that Gioberti's "*Primato*" contained certain propositions fit only to be put in the Index. The Archbishop of Perugia was not less susceptible of enlightenment from on high than his episcopal colleagues; but it is only common justice to add that he did not, like so many of their number, treat with contempt and rigor the Liberals of his diocese, on whose patriotic efforts he had so lately smiled. The learned professors of his episcopal seminary, Adamo Rossi and Marchesi, were exposed, on their return from the Lombard campaign, to no annoyance for the part which they had taken in the same, and the archbishop, who not long afterwards was raised to the rank of cardinal, often did acts of kindness—very cautiously and almost secretly, it is true, but still he did them—to the more enthusiastic and uncompromising members of the Liberal party, who from the known character of their political opinions were the especial objects of suspicion and vigilance to the papal police. The social life of the Umbrian capital soon reflected but too faithfully the ele-

ments of political discord; and from the force of circumstances, much more than from any change in his personal tastes, the archbishop no longer did the honors of the city as in the days when he first assumed its civil and episcopal government, until his mode of life became at length one, if not altogether of seclusion, certainly of extreme retirement and comparative privacy. Of his occasional visits to Rome, and his personal relations with the Vatican, people only heard from time to time that whenever his official duties summoned him to the papal capital, the cardinal secretary of state, Antonelli, exhibited a degree of uneasiness, which did not leave the mind of his Eminence until the moment that Archbishop Pecci again left Rome for Perugia.

In 1859 the character, firmness, and tact of Cardinal Pecci were subjected to a fresh ordeal. As one of the first consequences of the war waged by France and Italy against Austria, the subjects of the pope at Perugia rose in arms against the Vatican, as they had done in so many other cities of the papal territory, drove its representatives out of their walls, and established a provisional government. The inhabitants had fondly hoped that their rising would receive at the hands of the French emperor the same connivance if not open countenance, which he had given to the insurrectionary movement in the Legations; but they were cruelly undeceived when, unopposed by either French or Italian troops, the papal soldiers retook the city and signalized the recapture by acts of wanton cruelty and bloodshed. From that moment the position of the cardinal-archbishop became about as difficult and delicate as it is possible to conceive, placed as he was between a government reimposed, amidst most sanguinary scenes, on a hostile population, and a population thirsting for a fresh opportunity to throw off the yoke.

That opportunity was furnished in the autumn of the following year, when, by the rout of Lamoricière's motley host at Castel-Fidardo, the papal army was destroyed, and Umbria and the Marches, liberated by the presence of Fanti's and Cialdini's troops, became, after an almost unanimous vote of the people, incorporated with the other dominions of King Victor Emanuel. Cardinal-archbishop Pecci now reaped the fruits of the personal good-feeling which he had exhibited towards the oppressed members of the Liberal party during the period from 1849 to 1860. Men felt grateful for all the

good he had done without too closely calculating its amount, for they could not refrain from bearing in mind all the evil which it was in his power to have performed. His pastoral letters spoke indeed like other pastoral letters of the heavy afflictions which had fallen on the Church through the assaults and impiety of the wicked; but "the wicked," as directly and personally represented by the prefects Commendatore Gadda and Marquis Tanari, or the mayors Evelyn Waddington and Count Reginald Asidei, always found that the views of the cardinal as to the expediency of removing a troublesome parish priest, or making some change in cathedral or other ecclesiastical buildings, did not, after all, differ widely from their own. And in the cabinet of the minister of the interior at Turin or Florence, when Signor Peruzzi or Count Cantelli had occasion to speak of the Italian bishops in their friendly or hostile relations to the State, the minister would frequently express the opinion that if all prelates acted after the fashion of Cardinal Pecci of Perugia, the collisions between government and clergy would neither be very frequent nor very alarming. It would be a great mistake, however, to infer from these or similar facts that the training of the young ecclesiastics in the diocese was marked by a much more liberal character than in other places; the priests who received their training in the seminary of Perugia came forth from the establishment not much more friendly to civil government, to lay independence, and to Italian unity than the great body of their colleagues, whilst it was equally a matter of observation that the young men who, after pursuing their studies there, renounced the idea of taking orders, and entered the ordinary walks of civil life, distinguished themselves by an unusual amount of red-hot radicalism, as if the natural reaction from the tone of their clerical teaching had driven them into the opposite extreme. But there was no lack of ecclesiastical law, lore, and controversial acuteness amongst the clergy more directly dependent on and associated with the bishop. The vicar-general Laurenzi is a Church lawyer of the highest order; and the conductors of the local organ specially devoted to the advocacy of Church interests, *Il Paese*, may be honorably contrasted with many other periodicals of the same color for the temper, talent, and tact of its controversial writing.

Such were the chief administrative and political antecedents of the churchman

whose name had, for some years past, been often in men's mouths as that of a probable successor of Pius IX. He was believed to be an object of much dislike to the Jesuits. It was rumored that the knowledge possessed at Berlin of his conciliatory character and habits had made his possible election to the papacy a matter of deep interest in the chancellery of the German empire. It was well known that he had been constantly kept at a distance from Rome by the jealousy of Cardinal Antonelli; and when Pius IX., just six months before his death, conferred on him the rank of cardinal camerlengo, the appointment was regarded not so much in the light of a high dignity, spontaneously bestowed by the pontiff, as of an obstacle artfully placed by Ultramontane influence in the way of Cardinal Pecci's elevation to the tiara. But the duties devolving on the cardinal camerlengo, as interim pope, though imparting plausibility to a common belief that he was not likely to be elected, never led to the enactment of any possible legal disqualification, whilst the opportunities which they furnished to Cardinal Pecci of bringing out into greater relief the personal characteristics which would fit him for the office may have, it is surely not unreasonable to assume, contributed in a considerable degree to his success. It would be the height of rashness, at so early a stage of his pontifical career, to venture on any positive and sweeping prediction of what the course of that pontificate is likely to be. Leo XIII. has been chosen as the representative of that large majority of the members of the Sacred College which is desirous of maintaining an attitude, if not of direct amity and conciliation, at least of an extremely mild and modified antagonism, towards the kingdom of Italy and other civil governments. But he has to deal with a minority in the Sacred College, and that minority is of a restless, turbulent, daring, and not unfrequently unscrupulous character. The pope has a persuadable, pliable — one might even say, if the word could be fittingly applied to so august a personage, that he has a squeezable — side in his character. It is not more certain that the Tiber flows into the Mediterranean and that the Apennine forests will shed their leaves in the autumn, than that every form of Ultramontane and Jesuit pressure will be brought to bear on the will of Joachim Pecci to render him, if possible, the mere instrument of an Ultramontane policy.

The chances of success may in part be estimated by the foregoing account of the

pontiff's past career. If I have succeeded in faithfully conveying to the reader my own impressions and convictions, he will be prepared to expect in the acts of Pope Leo XIII. an attitude not greatly dissimilar from that maintained during thirty-two years by the cardinal-bishop of Perugia. The attempt to stand well with rival and contending parties, the not unnatural ambition to make a great figure in the world, if the course of events shall permit him to do so; the habit of maintaining a dignified reserve, when such reserve clearly suggests itself as the most expedient line; in a word, a marked unwillingness to compromise the great interests of which he is the guardian by any inconsiderate step in one direction or another, — are characteristics which he has often showed, and which are likely to be still displayed. The resolution and energy revealed in his first acts, chiefly in the clearing away of abuses in the internal arrangements of the Vatican, must not be overrated, nor accepted as sure indications that an equal amount of firmness will be always displayed in the general government of the Catholic Church. The position of the new pope is not altogether enviable. He is surrounded on all sides by snares and pitfalls; and it required all his instinctive caution to avoid the Ultramontane trap set for him in the proposal to have the coronation ceremony performed publicly in St. Peter's, where, if the plans of the intriguers had proved successful, the accession of the new popeking would have called forth a clamorous demonstration in favor of pope-kingship, certain, and intended to provoke, a counter-demonstration in favor of Italian unity, and thus to furnish an opportunity of representing to all foreign powers the untenable position of the new pope in Rome. The action of the pontiff in his relations with foreign powers must of course be much affected and modified by the personal qualities and political antecedents of his cardinal secretary of state; and not the least of the embarrassments encountering Leo XIII. has been the difficulty of finding in the Sacred College an individual who combines the political and religious attributes wanting for such a post. One Eminence is too much disliked, another much too popular in Rome; one is well-versed in the traditions of the curia, but has no experience of foreign policy; a very able and generally esteemed cardinal appears to unite in his person all requisites for the office, but alas! he is found to be deficient in one, — the power of communicating by speech his ideas with common clearness,

not to say ease and fluency; whilst another member of the supreme council of the Church is shrewd, witty, almost as well versed in the combinations of European politics as Prince Gortchakoff, but suggests the doubt whether the dignity and decorum of the Holy See will be promoted by a statesmanship which, if it should recall the *finesse* of Mazarin, may not improbably suggest the morals of Dubois.

It would appear that the appointment of Cardinal Franchi to the post of cardinal-secretary presented itself to the mind of the pontiff as the best means of bringing to a close the many embarrassing questions connected with the choice. The persons who are believed to have the best opportunities of estimating Cardinal Franchi's character from his past career, and of anticipating from the same his probable action as secretary of state, feel no little difficulty in forming any definite conclusion. It was not expected that he would, under any circumstances, accept the post. That he should have been a candidate for the papacy was natural enough, and equally natural that he should look forward to the chances of better success in another conclave, for Pope Leo XIII. is on the verge of threescore and ten, and Cardinal Franchi a much younger man. The post of cardinal secretary of state has always been regarded as disqualifying its holder for the office of future pontiff in a degree far beyond that of cardinal camerlengo, so that Cardinal Franchi, in accepting the office, may be held to have virtually abandoned all hope of ever wearing the tiara. Then the post of prefect of the propaganda is held for life, whilst that of cardinal-secretary is dependent on the pope's pleasure. A large income, with immense patronage and influence, is attached to the first, whilst the second no longer possesses, as it did when the papacy was a temporal power, corresponding advantages; it seemed therefore most unlikely that Cardinal Franchi would exchange his high dignity of prefect of the propaganda for one in which he would be removable at pleasure. But Cardinal Franchi, defeated in the attempt to secure the tiara, has thrown himself heart and soul into the contest for the secretaryship of state, and has at last succeeded in ousting from the post Cardinal Simeoni, by whom it had been held since Cardinal Antonelli's death, and whom Leo XIII. appeared for some time not unwilling to retain. What objects may Cardinal Franchi be presumed to have in view in this eager desire to wield, if not all the influence belonging to a pope,

at least all that of a cardinal-secretary? The objects are, beyond all question, much more of a political than of a religious character. They may indeed be assumed to possess a directly personal character, in this sense, that Cardinal Franchi has ever been desirous of playing a conspicuous part on the great stage of Roman Catholic politics. Cardinal Franchi, even though holding the office of prefect of the propaganda, is not commonly believed to trouble his head much about the conversion of the heathen. It may fairly be questioned whether the elevation of morality and religion in any of the states of the Old or the New World much engrosses his thoughts. But in all the annals of the Church it would perhaps be difficult to find a man who, by inclination, character, and habit, has been more completely at home in the region of political intrigue than Cardinal Franchi has constantly shown himself to be since his first entrance into public life. I have spoken of his "character," but the real character of Cardinal Franchi would be more difficult to define and to describe than that of Cardinal Antonelli. Jonathan Edwards has observed of a certain class of men that their character reminds you of nothing so much as of the successive skins of an onion. You may fancy, if you have never examined it, that there is some tough kernel in the centre, but you peel off one coat, and then a second, and then a third, and so on, until with the last coat the entire onion has been peeled away. In Cardinal Franchi you remove the upper skins of the *abbé galant* and *petit maître*, who, had he figured at the Versailles of the seventeenth century, would have exchanged witty scandal in the recess of the *œil-de-bœuf*, and might even have furnished matter for witty scandal at other courts; then you come to the skin of the keen-witted and astute diplomatist, ever ready to turn the weaknesses or wants of the court to which he is accredited to the advantage of his own sovereign or himself; the next coating reveals a politician apparently of enlarged and liberal views, professing to understand and act in harmony with the intellectual and social requirements of his time; but you must not trust too much to appearances, for you may find in the last skin that liberal appearances are but appearances after all, and serve only to mark the aims of an ambitious churchman, and the ends of an all-absorbing and despotic Church. With Cardinal Franchi as secretary of state, we may feel pretty confident that the influence

of the papacy as a political power, and of Italy in so far as reflecting or strengthening the influence of the papacy, will be brought to bear not only on the Eastern question, but on all other questions of international interest, with a subtlety and an energy which Cardinal Antonelli's statesmanship, even in its most vigorous days, was unable to exhibit. A man so eminently a politician must beyond all doubt have had some political aim greatly at heart in his intense eagerness to secure the secretaryship of state. That eagerness reminds one of nothing so much as of Cardinal Antonelli's resolve that nothing—not even death itself—should be able to suggest to the diplomatists accredited to the Vatican the imminent danger of his power passing away. Almost the last act of Cardinal Antonelli's life was grimly characteristic. The very day before his death he was informed that Baron Baude, then newly accredited, desired an interview, after presenting his credentials to the pope. Cardinal Antonelli was almost at his last gasp; but he got himself dressed with the greatest care, and, propped up on cushions, called for, and drank off, about half a bottle of brandy before receiving the French diplomatist. By the help of this alcoholic auxiliary, he appeared as brilliant, witty, shrewd, and pleasantly sarcastic as he had ever been when in perfect good health. In short, he produced on Baron Baude the precise impression which he intended to convey; for the French minister, just after the interview, assured a friend that the stories about the dangerous state of Antonelli's health were all mere nonsense.

The problems with which the new pope has at once to deal are greatly different from those which engaged the attention of Pius IX. on his elevation to the papal throne thirty-two years ago. The actual change in the relations of the Vatican to all civil governments, and more especially to that of the kingdom of Italy, is much less important than the change in its relations to public opinion and to free inquiry. The facts that Italy now possesses a constitutional government, and that its various provinces have been united into a single state, have by no means so momentous a bearing on the present condition and future prospects of the entire papal hierarchy, as the fact that in every Italian town and village every imaginable question as to the respective duties and powers of Church and State is the theme of full and free discussion. The pope and the Sacred College must now, in a degree never

before experienced by popes and cardinals, take into account the daily shifting shades of political and religious opinion, as visible not merely in Rome itself, but in the other great political and social centres of the Italian state. The same remark holds good, though not to the same extent, respecting the position in which the Catholic Church now finds itself throughout the Austro-Hungarian empire, and in those districts of Catholic Germany where, thirty-two years ago, the press was not yet unfettered. During the last six months, but more especially during the last two months, the Italian press has been teeming with articles on the question whether, as the first condition of real Italian progress, it is not desirable to promote a general awakening of religious opinion. What the writers of these articles mean by a general awakening of religious opinion in Italy is not always easy to understand, though one fact is clear — that the writers in question have very imperfectly realized in their own minds the vast magnitude of all the issues involved in such a movement. They have not attempted to weigh its difficulties in opposition to the Church, its still greater difficulties if originating within the Church itself, the almost total want of the human instruments fitly qualified for its direction, and the utter unpreparedness, through previous mental and moral training, of the millions whom it is proposed religiously to instruct and elevate. These considerations, however, do not render less suggestive the fact that the want of a higher tone of religious thought is becoming every day more frequently and more loudly expressed by the chief organs of Italian public opinion, and this more general expression undoubtedly reveals more general feelings and convictions. This, however, is a condition of the public mind extremely different from the political and patriotic aspirations universal in 1846. In that year, and in the two years immediately following, one heard on all sides the assurance that, if Italy could only succeed in attaining civil freedom and national unity, religious questions would at once be lost sight of; that Italians, in short, felt no interest in religious inquiry, and would be content with according, as their forefathers had done, an outward and conventional respect to the ceremonies of the Church, without troubling themselves as to the deeper phases of religious life. Without seeking to overrate the amount or importance of the change which on these questions has been effected in public opinion, it is not the less necessary to keep in mind

that a change has taken place which has altered, and is every day altering still more, the relations between the Italian clergy and the Italian people. The question so recently mooted as to the expediency of a legislative change in the measure of the papal guarantees is even less important in itself than as a symptom of the degree in which such matters are assuming a more prominent place in the national thoughts.

Many amongst the public writers who now discuss the benefits likely to accrue from an awakening of religious opinion mean in reality nothing more than the return, under the altered conditions of united Italy, of that connection between the State and the Church which, in the system of the old despotic governments, made the clergy instruments of state police. The views of such persons when closely sifted amount simply to the belief that it is very convenient for governments to have in their pay and at their disposal a large body of men whose avocations bring them into contact with all ranks of society, who possess special influence over the female mind, and who can give or withhold certain articles — in this case religious ceremonies — of which the presence at critical moments is highly prized, and the absence keenly felt and bitterly lamented. No doubt the ministers of religion in every Catholic country, considered quite apart from the greater or less amount of truth in the doctrines which they are assumed to teach, possess such attributes, and are so far well fitted to be the instruments of State police. The remark would hold equally good of barbers or bakers, taken as a class. For every peasant or workman who goes to mass on a Sunday or saint's day five go to the barber's shop to get themselves shaved; for one woman who reveals the twinges of conscience to a confessor twenty women confer with the hairdresser on their *coiffure*, and if this is true of the first and second, it is even more the case with the third class; for saddening as must be the admission, there is no man indifferent to the bread that is baked in ovens, whilst comparatively few prize at its real worth the bread that cometh down from heaven. To what extent the priests under the old papal régime were employed as government detectives became known when, after the overthrow of the regular government at the close of 1848 and the withdrawal of Pius IX. to Gaeta, the police archives were examined by the provisional government then established, and were found to contain many thousand secret reports fur-

nished to the police by the parish priests and confessors of the various churches. Such a revival of religious influence as should be in effect the mere commission of the oldest sins, and that not even in the newest ways, will assuredly bring no good to Church or State in Italy. But there is, I repeat, the unmistakable aspiration in many quarters for a religious awakening of another and much higher kind, and with the forms which this aspiration has already taken, and may be expected to take, the Roman curia will soon be called upon to deal. The character and habits of the pope may render him not unfit to assume and maintain a becoming position amidst these new phases of national life; for his secretary of state, Cardinal Franchi, religious opinions will probably be regarded as so many political counters, to be employed in the games of official, diplomatic, and international intrigue. The religious forces of Europe may be expected before long to figure once more on the stage of politics side by side with our old friends, "the Latin races," and with all the purity and piety which they have invariably exhibited in the diplomatic chancelleries of Madrid and Constantinople.

From *The Argoey*.

THE COMET.

THERE was a great commotion in the village. Some of the men had been in the neighboring town, and in the inn there had read the county paper, and had come home full of the astounding news that a comet was rushing headlong into space, precipitating itself straight upon our planet; so that, as the astronomers calculated, it must swallow us up on the twelfth of August, 1872.

The village of A—— lies in a remote corner of Austria, and our good people do not come into contact with the ever-progressing world beyond its limits. Consequently they are rather backward in the knowledge of natural science, though far from being dull or uninterested in things lying nearer to them than the stars in the heavens.

But now, this was a thing to stir up their interest in astronomy: a comet coming straight down upon the earth. A comet: a thing imagined so far away that until now no one had dreamt of troubling about it, except only to consider its appearance in the sky as a sign of war and various other kinds of woe.

The villagers quite understood there was no fun in the matter. The learned astronomer himself, from whose work an extract had been published in the paper, had his apprehensions as to what effect this violent meeting of comet and earth would have on the latter; and although the men of A—— did not understand the burden of his learned suppositions, still it set them thinking, and brought them to the conclusion that one might well tremble before the consequences of such an unheard-of collision.

Would it be the end of the world? — of the stars beginning to fall from heaven? But the comet was not falling, after all — it was madly rushing straight upon us. How dreadful! What was the purport of its singular behavior — was it coming to destroy the earth with fire?

There was a great deal of talk about the new and strange matter, but no one was the wiser for it. At last the bearers of the news, only half credulous themselves, accompanied by those who refused to believe one iota of the tale, repaired to the schoolmaster's house, a neat whitewashed building, standing in the middle of a well-cultivated orchard.

But if the orchard testified to good culture, the schoolmaster's books told a very different tale; they had been thrown into a corner of a lumber-closet, many years before, and had never seen daylight since. The alphabet, a small volume of Bible stories, and one or two others, were all that was requisite for his daily use. From these few books he had taught one generation of boys and girls after another to read, write, cipher, and sing; and for thirty-seven years he had never felt the need of increasing his literary store.

He had another book though — a manuscript one, in his own handwriting, out of which he sometimes read to young and old. It was a bulky volume, composed of a great number of copy-books, fastened together and neatly bound in cloth by the author himself. In it he had written his experience of practical gardening, of brewing, cultivating bees, nursing domestic animals, and the like; and the villagers were in the habit of consulting him in preference to any one else. There was no husbandman equal to him in the place, and he was held in greater respect by the people for this than if he had possessed the wisdom of a professor of the university. For thirty-seven years he had worked in the village without quitting it, except for an excursion into the mountains or a trip to the next town.

Now the schoolmaster had read about the comet before any one else in the place; but as a wise man he kept silence on a matter he could not explain. Rack his brain as he would he could not revive any slumbering recollection of astronomy, nor find anything to aid his better understanding or enable him to expound the subject to others.

He was, however, not quite unprepared for the visit, and when the men came to him he thought it best to take a cheerful view of the case, and dilated to them on his experience that many things, looking strange in the distance, are quite natural and harmless when viewed close at hand.

"So let's expect the fellow with a calm mind," he said. "We will see what he is like when he comes; no use troubling about him before the time."

"But won't he set the world on fire?" they asked.

"We'll put it out if he does," he returned confidently.

"There would be more flames, I warrant, than all the water in our wells could quench," said one.

"It may not touch us after all," said the schoolmaster, always inclined to hope for the best. "Why shouldn't it fall far away on yonder hills, into the wood, or beyond it into the lake?"

There was a general laugh. If it would but tumble into the lake and drown itself, they would drag it out when cool and have a good look at it, and then exhibit it in the market-place. Yes, stick it up on a pole, with its tail turned upwards, and have a dance around it.

After this the good old man thought the occasion a fitting one to produce a few bottles of his own growth, and the cheering influence of a glass of wine dispelled in a great measure the rather gloomy impression the gravity of the matter had made upon their minds. They left the house but little comforted though, and very much inclined to believe that there really was a comet coming, this fact having been tacitly admitted by the schoolmaster.

The *Pfarrer's* (*Monsieur le curé's*) house is not far distant from the school. A green slope, cut by an *allee* of poplar-trees, leads up from the latter to the church, and immediately opposite stands the *Pfarrrei*, or *Pfarrhaus*.

Amongst those who were most eager to call upon the priest was — to every one's surprise — old Blasius.

Old Blasius never entered the church, and the minister of grace was to him only the

person to whom he had to pay his tithe in grain, vegetables, etc. He would look away when he chanced to meet the old *Pfarrer*, that he might save himself the trouble of taking off his hat to him. Not to say that Blasius never prayed! — oh, he prayed. Most fervently did he pray every night that no fire, water, or thief might come near the treasure he had hidden deep in the earth under his bed, and in which his whole heart was bound up.

And now, would all these worshipped coins go to destruction, with the rest of the world? Perhaps something more might be learned about the matter at the *Pfarrer's*; therefore he entered the house whose threshold his foot had not crossed since the time of his marriage, thirty years before.

There was the scrupulous neatness and stillness reigning in the *Pfarrrei* peculiar to a priest's habitation, showing that there was no wife or children to break the monastic order.

The Herr *Pfarrer* of A — was a very aged man, past eighty at the time of our tale; and his sister, about eight or nine years younger than himself, kept house for him. A young priest, his "co-operator," who lived in a back room, was the third inmate of the spacious mansion, and an old servant the fourth. That was all.

The *Pfarrer* received the men with his usual kindness; was very glad to see them, and happy to be able to give them his advice and consolation. For that purpose he administered to them a good dose of commonplace truths, all very good in themselves, and suitable for any tribulation whatever. After having warmly assured them that God would not forsake them if they did not turn from him, he dismissed them; and they departed, more, less, or not at all comforted, according to each man's nature.

Before they had all left the hall, Frau Barbara, the curé's sister, noiselessly emerged from a corridor, and, catching hold of Blasius's sleeve, she whispered to him: "Blasius, I am glad I have an opportunity of speaking to you. What is all this about your daughter? Surely you will think better of it before you make your poor child miserable for life?"

"Has she been and complained of me?" he enquired angrily.

"She has been here; you know she always comes to help me on busy days. The poor child cried bitterly — and no wonder, after being engaged to that nice young man, Lorenz, and now seeing her engagement broken off by her father,

without any just cause or reason. Surely you will not do this?"

"That is my own affair," he gruffly interrupted. "I suffer no one to meddle with my concerns; you might have known that before now, Frau Barbara." And impatiently he turned to leave the hall.

"Nay, you must not leave me without listening to another word. You may have had your own reasons for breaking off with Lenz, but surely, Blasl, you cannot think of giving Maria to Steffl — Steffl, the scandal of the neighborhood? You must know that Steffl is an unprincipled man, a good-for-nothing, a spendthrift —"

"Steffl is no spendthrift! he is — he has — no matter what! — you wouldn't understand my motives; and I really don't see that I need account for my actions to any one in this world, Frau Barbara."

"Not in this world, Blasl; no, not in *this*! but, mind you, this world is coming to grief, they say. Blasl, Blasl! think of this! If it *be* true, if really in a few days this world, with all our trumpery goods and treasures, is going to destruction, how shall we appear there, before the judgment-seat, divested of all our earthly riches?"

For a moment the old man stared at her with frightened, glazed eyes; he staggered, and turning away, tottered down the slope. Her words had startled him to the heart.

Old Blasl had not always been the hard, inflexible miser he was now. He used in his younger years to be of a jolly, easy disposition, and rather extravagant habits. When quite unexpectedly inheriting a considerable sum of money, he was suddenly seized with love for those shining, sparkling coins — the passionate, jealous love of a miser. He loved the coins for themselves, not for the comfort they might have brought into his house; therefore he would not put them out to interest. He could not make up his mind to loose his grasp upon them for one minute; would not trust any one with the sight of them. He dug a deep hole under the boards upon which his bed rested, and therein he hid his treasure, and there from henceforward lay his heart, buried with it. He saved and stinted and scraped together in order to hoard up one piece of gold or silver after another with the rest. But his life was a troubled one, and grew more and more so as his treasure increased. Night and day he could not rest from anxiety lest any one should discover its hiding-place, or lest any kind of danger should befall his cottage, which enclosed the cherished idol.

Besides his money, Blasl cherished a

daughter, the last remaining one of a numerous family. He loved her in his way; as the future possessor of his wealth, who would, in her turn — so he hoped — worship it with her whole heart. He held her in high respect, but not without keen pangs of jealousy, raised by the thought that he *must* some day, whether he liked it or not, leave everything to her. These fits of jealousy grew more frequent as he advanced in age, and poor Maria felt surprised and shocked at the dislike to her he evinced at moments without any visible cause. She never guessed the truth; she did not know the secret of her father's room. He had not been a hard father to her — far from it, for he had not been a father at all; he never noticed her or cared for her, neither missed her when she was away, nor seemed glad to see her return to him.

Still, in spite of all that, in spite of the utter want of parental affection — poor Maria had lost her mother when she was an infant — she had not been an unhappy child. She had grown up amongst her kind neighbors. They loved the lonely little girl, who would come to them in search of all the comforts and joys she missed at home.

A lovely, bright-eyed child was Maria, with an active, helpful spirit; always eager to learn, and immediately turning to account what she had learned, either in her own home or for others. She was sure to be on the spot wherever there was anything going on; and helping her neighbors about the house and garden, in the field and woods, she learned to understand all kinds of work. At fifteen, when the old servant of the house — a stern, taciturn, uncongenial woman — died, she was able and willing to turn to, and managed to keep her father's house in the accustomed order, so that the old man scarcely noticed any change.

Amongst all those who loved Maria, she had two particular friends. Of one we will speak later; the other was Herr Schmitt, the schoolmaster, who certainly was her very best friend, because the most disinterested.

The child's brightness, her eagerness to learn, soon struck her master; he found in this little girl a mind far superior to that of the usual run of children. He gave her private lessons, walked with her about the woods and fields, and in talking to her found ways and means to impart a great deal of knowledge no one else in the village aspired to. He seldom failed to bring her something to read when coming from

town, and every Christmas-eve there was sure to be a story-book for Maria under the Christmas-tree at the schoolmaster's. Thus the very loneliness of her life was brightened by joys that few other children knew, and which helped her to bear the dulness of her father's house.

A few weeks before our story begins we might have beheld Maria grown up into a handsome blue-eyed lass of eighteen, with a wealth of golden hair, a bright smile, and a merry song on her lips, gladdening one's sight with her appearance of youthful grace, strength, health, and freshness. But now smile and song have died away, and sighs and tears have taken their place.

Blasl, Blas! how could you have the heart? — oh! but his heart lies in an old iron pot many feet under the ground.

When Maria was five years old she and a neighbor's son, a few years older than herself, pledged their troth to each other — just as children *will* do. But in this case the attachment, instead of being lessened or forgotten in the course of years, grew with them, and every year added to its strength. This contributed greatly to Maria's happiness, and accounts for the brightness of her disposition.

Lorenz was a boy of high and buoyant spirits, and the course of their true love seemed to run quite smoothly; for when he talked to Maria's father, the latter found no objection to the match, and the two were solemnly betrothed. They were both rather young to be married at once, and Blas! had a reason of his own for putting the marriage off. He was loth to give to his daughter her portion, the two thousand florins she had from her mother — which naturally had remained in his keeping — not to speak of any dowry on his part, which he never dreamt of being asked for in his lifetime.

So far all went well. But Blas! had given his consent on the ground of an inheritance Lenz expected from his great-uncle, who had promised to make him his heir. When the latter died, however, no will could be found. People said it had been done away with, which was very likely. So the money was divided between a number of relations, and Lenz's share became a small one. Blas! broke off the engagement at once: no tears, no supplications could prevail against his decision. Nay, not satisfied with this, he wanted to force another husband upon his daughter, which, to the dismay of the whole village, was no other than Steffi — the very last man people would have

thought he would fix upon. It was shocking! They talked of witchcraft, and were not far from the point. Steffi had bewitched the old man by a magic power old Blas! could not withstand.

Stefan had been a soldier, and had only returned to the village about a year ago. He was soon considered the plague of the neighborhood — ruining the boys by inducing them to spend their nights in public-houses, running after every girl, working when he pleased, and scattering his small earnings — Steffi was a regular rake, there was no mistake about it.

Amongst the girls he made love to there was one, a quiet, rather weak-minded lassie, who lived with an old aunt of hers in a little hut in the woods. Consequently she did not hear much of the talk in the village. And even if she had heard about Steffi's loose life, would she have believed it? No, for love is equally deaf and blind, and Lisbeth loved the handsome, dashing visitor who condescended to seek her in her poor home.

Poor Lisbeth! she believed every word Stefan said, and thought herself solemnly engaged to him for life. It pleased Stefan to go on as if he intended to marry her in a very short time, and make her the mistress of the splendid house and all the riches he possessed in some very far-off country.

Now, when Steffi heard of Lenz's changed circumstances, he thought the moment had come to win rich Blas!'s fair daughter for himself. It is not astonishing that he should have tried for such a prize, but that he should have succeeded was most extraordinary. The poorest man in the neighborhood would have refused his child to a man like Steffi. However, he *did* succeed — at least with the father: he had chosen a sure way to lead him straight to his aim.

After having for some time given the old man hints that he was keeping a secret from the villagers, he one day made him a startling confidence. He was concealing a treasure; yes, a sackful of gold. Neither more nor less than twenty thousand florins, all in gold! and he behaved like a beggar before the village from fear of being robbed. But how did he get possession of so much gold? Ah! he had been a soldier. Everybody knows what strange fortunes may befall a man in times of war. When his eight years of service were over he left his regiment instead of taking a re-engagement, as he had always intended to do, and straightway travelled home with his treasure.

Old Blasius listened with every fibre of his gold-thirsty heart. His soul was so full of Steffl's strange luck that there was no room left for doubt. His consideration for Steffl was great from this moment. The two grew fast friends, to the wonder of the whole village and of poor Maria. They were constantly seen walking together, and Steffl sat for hours and hours at Blasl's, worrying Maria with his most unwelcome courtship.

Blasl, who had never treated his daughter harshly, now behaved with cruelty towards her: he forgot himself so far at times as to strike her, using every means to force Steffl upon her notice. Oh, the miserable life poor Maria now led! Her father had threatened to kill her if she attempted to see Lenz, who was at present working at some distant farm, and could only come to A—— on Sundays. Moreover, he locked her up in the house, and he and Steffl kept watch over her always on that day, so that she could not even go to church.

And poor Lisbeth, when she found herself forsaken for rich Blasl's daughter? In her despair she ran away, and was seen no more. Her aunt came down to the village to look for her in every house, to ask everybody after her: no one had seen her.

One day a little boy, who was crab-fishing on the shallow border of the river, found a silk kerchief entangled in the reeds; and people by this knew poor Lisbeth's fate. They openly reproached Steffl with her death; but he did not care what they said, and inwardly rejoiced that his good luck had removed the only stone in his way.

"It was very wise of her," thus his thoughts ran, "to do herself what I should have been obliged to do for her, had she meant to come forward and stand in my way."

II.

WHEN Blasl came home from the Pfarrer's he first scolded his daughter well for having complained of him to Frau Barbara; then, as a punishment, he locked her up in her room. He had a double reason for doing the latter, for when he had assured himself that all the doors and shutters of the house were well fastened, he lit a little lamp, removed his huge bedstead with a vigor one would not have expected in that shrivelled form, lifted the boards, and shovelled and scraped both with spade and hands until he brought his precious iron pot to light. He then ten-

derly lifted it out, uncovered it with one trembling hand, and approached the lamp with the other to let the contents sparkle in its rays, his tears streaming down upon the gold as he did so. When he had wept over it to his heart's content he covered it up, buried it again, and put everything over it in its accustomed place. Then he blew out the light, opened the shutters, and went about his day's work with a heavy heart.

The days ran on; people's most fervent wishes could not keep one of them back; and as the dreaded time approached their apprehensions grew boundless. Everybody now believed in the comet, and that it would bring the end of the world with it!

The peasants were not so much afraid for their own lives — they knew that death might take them by surprise at any time — they grieved for the impending destruction of all their earthly possessions, the fruit of not their own labor only, but of that of their fathers and grandfathers for many generations back, and which they had always hoped to leave behind them to their children and children's children. Whatever they now looked on seemed to preach to them of the vanity of all earthly pride; whatever each used to take the greatest delight in became now the source of the bitterest grief.

Thus one would look with tearful eyes on the ranges of well-cured hams and sausages in his larder, agonized by the thought that no one would enjoy those stored-up dainties in the future. Another would walk about his fields, shaking his head mournfully at the plentiful corn, doomed before it was ripe for the scythe. A third lamented over the fine old trees in his wood; there was not even time left for cutting them down and marketing the timber; and if it could be done, where would be the use? Men grew lax in their work, maidens gave up spinning for their marriage outfits, women neglected their households, children had dreams about the comet's arrival.

The good Pfarrer had prayers said to calm their minds; the schoolmaster visited from house to house with comforting words; all was of no avail; the panic grew with the flying hours, and reached its climax when the awful day arrived.

The 12th of August dawned upon them rather sultry and heavy; there was something oppressive in the air that added to their alarm. Every passing hour increased their anguish. A thick fog, which covered parts of the country at nightfall — a quite

unheard-of phenomenon at this season — terrified them. Anxiously they watched the gradual dying out of daylight. Would it ever dawn upon them again?

As if by common accord, they all expected the comet in the night; it never struck them that it might in its career meet the earth in the daytime; and it seemed most natural in a comet to fix upon midnight for its extraordinary performance — as all unearthly appearances have ever come at that critical moment, when one day meets another to part in the same instant forever.

No one would go to bed on that night; that was the tacit agreement.

The inn was crowded that evening. Most of those who had no particular home to take care of assembled there, to work themselves up by drink and talk to that pitch of courage necessary to meet such an event as this. Some of the younger men tried with fun and jokes to raise the dismal tone of the conversation at first indulged in. They laughed, sang, drank, and played, and were the merrier as they believed it was for the last time they had met together in their favorite place of resort.

But fathers and sons kept at home with their own people. Now and then a friend or relation would look in, trying both to bring and carry away better cheer. Neighbors agreed to watch together; all the doors stood open, the windows were bright, the whole village presented a most unusual aspect.

After nightfall the fog cleared away, and the stars twinkled with uncommon brightness, as people thought, and many an anxiously inquiring glance was sent up towards them.

Blasl's house was one of the duller on that night; the old miser could not, even on the brink of death, go to the expense of an extra candle. The lamp flickered dimly on the hearth. He kept his shutters closed, and only opened the door now and then, putting his head out to see whether Steffi was coming.

Steffi! his solace, his help, his comfort. He had kept up the old man's spirits by repeatedly assuring him that there was no comet coming. He had promised to keep watch with them through that anxious night. But he had only been with them for one minute in the morning, and had not returned.

At dusk Lenz had suddenly stood at Blasl's door. Maria gave a little shriek, and would have run to meet him; but Blasl stepped between the two lovers. "What dost thou want here?" he cried.

"I want to shake hands with you and Maria; it may be for the last time in this world, you know."

"Nonsense," cried Blasl angrily; "thou art not on any pretence to come in or to speak to my daughter. Let me shut the door."

"Nay, Blasl," said the young man, "I have done nothing to forego your esteem. Why refuse me the little favor I ask for?"

"Get thee hence, I say!"

"You ought not to behave like that: it is a solemn night. Think of what may come!"

"I do not need thee to teach me what to think. I am master here, and I forbid thee to look at my daughter any longer. Away!"

"Nay, father," said Maria, gently pushing past him, "there is no harm in shaking hands with an old friend. Here is my hand, Lenz. Oh! if the world *would* but come to an end this night!"

Lenz's eyes filled with burning tears as he grasped her hand and looked close into her haggard, tearworn face. But old Blasl, exasperated, tore them asunder and banged the door in Lenz's face.

As the young man hastened away, not minding whither his steps led him, he met the schoolmaster.

"Do not go far away," said he, after having listened to Lenz's account of his visit to Blasl. "Keep in the neighborhood. This is a strange night, and things may happen we are not looking for. Maria may have need of thee."

Blasl did not attempt to hide his disappointment on seeing the schoolmaster enter instead of the expected Steffi. But Herr Schmitt took no notice: he talked to the daughter, who sat weeping in the darkest corner of the room. Poor Maria began to rally by-and-by. After all everything was not lost; she was not Steffi's wife yet, and the comet might step between them for aught any one could say. Steffi could not trouble her in the other world; she felt as sure of that as of being united to Lenz there. How she hoped and wished for the end of the world — surely the only one who did so!

Meanwhile her father kept running up and down, mumbling to himself in a wild, incoherent way, opening and shutting the door a dozen times in succession. No Steffi came.

Other friends dropped in — not because they cared for Blasl, who had scorned their fear all the past anxious weeks, but on account of his daughter, whom they would not forsake in such an extremity.

Everybody agreed there was something wonderful in the appearance of the sky, although they could not explain what it was, and their definitions were contradictory. Fear magnified what they saw, and their imagination worked upon the least incident.

"Did you see that?"

"See what—what?"

"The shooting stars—quite a shower of stars. That must be the beginning of—"

They pressed to the door. The schoolmaster took Maria near the window, and opened the shutter to see whether there would be any more falling stars. Blasl alone would not look out; he stood in the middle of the room, tearing his hair and crying for Steffl.

"Steffl?" said the last comer, "has he not been here? He left us at the inn hours ago, saying he was going to you. Where in the world can he be?"

"He had had several glasses of wine," said another; "but that couldn't have hurt him. He is used to more."

"Do you mean to say Steffl has not been seen since dusk?" inquired one, looking in through the window. "I think then he has left the village."

"Left the village!" shrieked Blasl. "You are mad, man; what can you mean?"

"I mean that at dusk I saw Steffl running on the highroad to W—. I wanted to stop him, but he would not hear. He yelled out something about the end of the world, and rushed on frantically. He scared me out of my wits: I was never so frightened in my life. The comet's advent couldn't startle me more."

"Steffl gone!" moaned Blasl, wringing his hands. "Steffl gone; and his treasure! Has he taken his treasure?"

They thought he was raving; and he, fearing he had said too much, stopped abruptly. He threw himself upon his bed, crying and groaning. Then wildly starting up, he yelled out, "Is it coming, then, friends? is the end of the world coming?"

But they could not attend to him: they were much too busy in observing "something fiery" sweeping all across the sky.

"There—there!" They all left the room in a hurry, and even the schoolmaster followed, after having whispered a word in Maria's ear that made her heart beat high.

"Steffl, Steffl, thou hast forsaken me! What! have they all gone? Oh, my poor child, we shall die alone, forsaken by all the world!"

For the first time something like parental affection broke through the hard crust that had so long closed over the heart of the father.

"No, you are not alone," said the schoolmaster, re-entering with Lenz; "your friends are staying with you. If we must die, we will die together."

Blasl caught hold of their hands: it is hard to say whether in his agony he recognized Lenz or not. "Stop with me," he entreated; "midnight is coming on. Oh, do not forsake us!"

Just then the old clock in the corner struck a quarter to twelve, and the schoolmaster said solemnly, "Yes, Blasl, the hour is at hand; let us prepare for it. Blasl, there is little time left for you to make up for all the grief you caused your poor child!"

Blasl stared at him in bewilderment. "What can I do?"

"You will—won't you—give your daughter to this young man: she was and still is his promised wife, you know. Nothing could break their betrothal. Now, Blasl, say you will," added he, shaking him by the arm to wake him out of his state of torpor.

"No, I won't," said Blasl, sitting down upon his bed and folding his arms in a determined manner.

For some time the schoolmaster spoke to no purpose. At last he pointed to the clock: "One minute wanting; now, let us prepare for the awful moment. Blasl, will you?" But Blasl shook his head.

"You won't?—it's going to strike!"

The clock began, and up started Blasl, groping as if in darkness for the lovers' hands eagerly stretched out towards him. Joining them, he kept them in his grasp, calling out, "I've done it—done it, schoolmaster; you see I have done it. God will be merciful to me for their sakes."

"Declare," urged Herr Schmitt, "that you give your daughter Maria to Lorenz Steiner to wife."

"I do, I do!" cried Blasl, shaking with the fever of anguish, and tightening his iron grip over their united hands.

"And these our friends and neighbors are witnesses," said Herr Schmitt solemnly, turning to those who had re-entered the room.

"We are witnesses," echoed they.

"It is done," exclaimed the schoolmaster, with a sigh of relief, whilst Blasl sank back on his bed, covering his face with his hands to shut out the coming crash.

There was a solemn pause—

Nothing was to be heard — not a sound outside or inside the house for a long while. At last the peasants began to wonder amongst each other whether the clock could be right — whether midnight was past; but when the quarter struck they breathed more freely, and they gave expression to their opinion that the danger might be over. The comet might have passed the earth without touching it — they had all felt its presence; it must have passed very close to them; the earth had had a narrow escape!

Blasl raised his head and listened attentively to their words, which became more and more cheerful as the hand of the clock neared the half-hour.

"Why are you two there together?" cried he suddenly, as his eye fell on the young people, who stood at the window hand in hand.

"Ho, ho!" said the schoolmaster, stepping between him and the pair; "these two belong to each other: you cannot part them any more; you have given your daughter to be the wife of Lenz Steiner."

"I have, have I?"

"You have," they all answered; "and we are witnesses thereto."

"Ah!" cried he, clapping his hands with a childish triumph, "I have not said a word about the money; she sha'n't have a penny!"

"Never mind," said Lenz, in happy tones, "Maria and I will work to live — won't we, Maria? — and never trouble you for money!"

"We will," replied Maria. "Be kind to us, father; give us your blessing instead of money!"

In the little hut in the wood two poor lonely women had also watched for the comet: Lisbeth and her aunt. For Lisbeth was not drowned. The wind had carried off her kerchief as she crossed the bridge, and must have blown it into the river. She had merely left the village, which had become hateful to her, and found service at some distant farm. But when the rumors of the comet and the end of the world reached her, she felt pangs of remorse for having left her kind old relative without any warning: she *must* go home to comfort her. And so it came to pass that Lisbeth walked towards A — on the evening of the 12th of August, purposely choosing the time of dusk for her return.

She was shocked and frightened at the fog which stretched over the low-lying ground near the river, but rather glad of it

still, for it would help her to escape notice. Having come half-way across the bridge, she heard another step coming towards her from the other end, and soon she saw a tall figure advancing which she at once recognized to be — the very last person she would have wished to meet — Steffl! Tremblingly she leant against the railing, giving him room to pass on the narrow planks, but he, suddenly perceiving her close before him, white and motionless, veiled by the fog, was seized with the terror of guilt. He fell back, and with the shrill cry, "The dead are rising! the end of the world is surely coming!" he ran away as if chased by fiends; and was never seen again.

Neither Steffl nor the comet was heard of any more. Who knows whether the comet, on meeting the earth, was not equally shocked, and jumping out of his route went straying into space? At any rate, comet and Steffl had gone together, and no one wished for the return of either the one or the other.

After Steffl had been away for some time his room was opened. Blasl, who had hovered about it, *would* be present, but to his great astonishment no treasure could be found.

Three weeks after the terrible night the good old Pfarrer cried for joy when he married Lenz and Maria, who were both his special favorites. Maria *did* not carry a penny out of her father's house. She followed her husband to the farm, his present home, where she found employment amongst the women; it was not the life of a servant she led there, though; they all respected her as rich Blasl's daughter, and considered her volunteering in service a great condescension.

Two years passed. Old Blasl's life had become more and more secluded, until no one ever saw him leave his house during the day, but in the night he had taken to carrying his treasure from place to place all over his garden, unburying and reburying it constantly. There was but one thing dawning on his clouded mind: the wish to hide the money so well that even after his death it should not be found by any one.

When one day he suddenly died, the schoolmaster, who for Maria's sake had watched him, was able to show her, her husband, and the magistrates he had sent for, the place where he had seen him digging last. They found a vast amount of money — much more than they could have ever expected.

They bought land, and Lorenz works on

it after the schoolmaster's precept, and is getting on to have a model farm. Children's voices now ring through the new house which Lenz and Maria built on the height opposite the church and the old Pfarrhaus.

MARIE ORM.

From The New Quarterly Review.
THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

OF the few ancient statues which can be called really popular, the most popular is certainly the Apollo Belvedere. Every one knows that famous figure, and every one can feel its power. Not long ago the Apollo Belvedere was regarded as the very perfection of sculpture. Three persons out of four, even now, if they were asked to describe it, would probably reply without hesitation that it represents Apollo shooting with his bow and is the finest statue in the world. The answer would be wrong in both particulars; the statue is far from being the finest in the world, and does not represent the god as shooting with his bow at all. Mistaken, however, as such a description is, it does but repeat the unanimous and enthusiastic tradition of the past. The error as to the pre-eminent merit of this particular antique was universal until about fifty years ago; the error as to its subject and significance was universal until less than twenty. So that it must of necessity be long before the truth of the matter, as it is now known and accepted by students, can pass into general currency.

With reference, indeed, to one part of the matter, to the beauty and impressiveness of the Apollo Belvedere as a work of art, it may be doubted whether the views of the majority will be ever quite surrendered. Among works of art of all kinds and ages, there is a class concerning which the popular estimate is apt to differ, and to persist in differing, from the critical or instructed estimate; I mean those works of which the point lies particularly in expression or dramatic effect. Let a statue or a picture but strike by its expression, and for the majority its point is gained. They are not sensitive enough to feel when it strikes, so to speak, too hard; their judgment is not trained enough to discriminate between such expressions as are noble and sufficient, and such as are false, theatrical, and beyond the mark; nay, those exaggerations which the student, having his perceptions quickened by instinct or training, knows to be most detestable, the

ordinary spectator is most prone to regard as admirable. Especially this happens in the appreciation of that form of art which interests perhaps the largest number, of religious art. Take a painter of the Italian decadence like Carlo Dolci; with thousands he passes for one of the first of religious artists; at the aspect of his Christs and Virgins they feel themselves impressed and elevated; year after year the easels of the copyists are to be found crowding about the blue-veiled *Mater Dolorosa* of Turin, and year after year the copies are scattered abroad to move admiration, sympathy, devotion, in all parts of the world. And yet, if you ask the opinion of the critical, you will be told with one consent that of all skilful painters Carlo Dolci is among the least to be praised; that his devotion is mechanical and his pathos unreal; that all the qualities of his painting, with its artful machinery of pallid cheeks, bloodshot eyes, and expansive eyelids, are cold, shallow, and unwholesome.

That is an extreme case; and the phase of ancient art which is illustrated by a statue like the Apollo Belvedere is relatively much higher than the phase of modern art which is illustrated by painting like that of Carlo Dolci. That phase is, nevertheless, a falling off from the highest; the Apollo Belvedere is, among the works of ancient art, theatrical; it represents the Greek genius not in its prime but in its decadence. The difference, for those intimate with the Greek genius, is unspeakably great; but for persons at large that difference, so far as they feel it at all, is rather against the highest, and in favor of the not-highest. The Elgin marbles they find cold and strange; but the Apollo makes them glow; they see nothing exaggerated, nothing theatrical, they see only what is impressive, in that haughty and radiant presence, that uplifted arm, that victorious glance of scornful indignation and assured supremacy.

Since this is so, and the Apollo exercises so powerful a spell by its faults as well as its virtues, there seems the more reason for insisting on the second part of our argument, and endeavoring to propagate among its admirers a true account of what it represents. But here again the force of tradition threatens to be too strong for us. Every schoolboy is taught to recognize Apollo by his bow and arrows; and ever since this statue was discovered, all generations have assumed and repeated that it represents the god as handling those accustomed weapons. The assump-

tion was quite natural, and before it had been proved to be mistaken, had passed into universal literature and poetry. We are all used to the "unerring bow" in the stanzas that celebrate the Apollo Belvedere in "Childe Harold;" and when Mr. Browning contrasts us with the gods, and says, —

You're wroth, can you slay your snake like Apollo,

we all know of what particular Apollo he is thinking. An association so inveterate is evidently hard to uproot. Nevertheless we shall see that the new associations suggested for this Apollo by modern research are in themselves so beautiful and striking, that we may be well content to cultivate them in exchange for others more familiar.

I.

THE Apollo Belvedere was discovered before the close of the fifteenth century, at Porto d'Anzio, the site of one of the pleasure-places of the Cæsars, the Roman An-tium. The statue as it was taken from the soil was complete as you see it to-day, with the exception of the left, the raised, hand and wrist, the fingers of the idle right hand, and some portions of the tree-stem which serves for a support beside the right leg. Whether its extraordinary smoothness and brilliancy of surface are due in any measure to early operations of acid and scraping, is uncertain. So is it uncertain, according to experts, whether the marble of which it is wrought is Greek or Italian; but the balance of opinion is in favor of Carrara, which would of itself argue the work to have been wrought in imperial times, and probably for the adornment of a summer palace in Italy. The statue was bought immediately after its discovery by the cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, that magnificent amateur and fiery statesman who presently became pope under the title of Julius II. As Julius II. he had his Apollo set up under the care of Michelangelo in the Belvedere of the Vatican; and, as the fashion was in those days and down almost to our own, he also caused the missing portions to be supplied by new. The restorer called in was the most practised in his trade of all that time, Giovanni Montorsoli, a pupil of Michelangelo; he filled in the broken pieces of the olive or laurel stem, added fingers to the right hand, but added them, as we can now tell, too wide outspread in a gesture of display; and made a new left hand in what seemed the obvious action of holding out

a bow, or rather such six-inch-long suggestion of a bow as was suitable to the marble substance.

So "restored," the Vatican or Belvedere Apollo reigned until but the other day as the master sculpture of antiquity. Let us pass over earlier testimonies, and listen to that of the great constructive critic of these things in the last century, Winckelmann. The work of Winckelmann, as the founder of the science of classical archæology, is imperishable; he had the threefold gift of learning, by which he perfectly possessed all that was then knowable on his subject; of spiritual fire, which made all the masses of his learning live and glow; and of natural instinct, which guided his learning and his fervor in sound directions, and gave, considering the materials at his command, the character almost of divination to many portions of his critical and historical construction. But all his qualities of divination failed him in presence of the Apollo Belvedere. The dramatic charm and traditional renown of the figure together held him fascinated and blind, and made him forget or misapply the wisest of his own canons. The most elaborate as well as the most impassioned passage of all his writings is in its praise; and when we, from whose eyes the scales have fallen, read his words, it is hard to resist their persuasion even now.

The statue of Apollo [he avers] is the highest ideal of art among all the works of antiquity which have escaped destruction. The artist of this work has constructed it wholly in the ideal, and has only taken for his purpose just so much of matter as was necessary to embody and make visible his conception. This Apollo surpasses all other statues as much as the Apollo of Homer that of all poets after him. He has a figure loftier than human, and a station which bespeaks the majesty that informs him. An immortal spring, as of the happiest Elysium, invests with gracious youth the winning manhood of his full-blown years, and plays with blandest tenderness about the haughty fabric of his limbs. Go out in the spirit into the kingdom of beauties incorporeal, and strive to become the creator of a celestial being, in order to fill the spirit with beauties that rise above nature; for here is nothing mortal, nothing that bespeaks the frail conditions of humanity. No veins nor nerves give warmth and movement to this body, but rather some principle of heavenly life, which has been poured forth in a gentle stream and fills equally the whole circumscription of his frame. He has pursued the Python, the first victim of his bow; with his mighty stride he has overtaken and slain him. From the height of his content his look goes out, as into the infinite, far beyond his vic-

tory; scorn sits upon his lips, and the indignation which he will not deign to vent inflates his nostril, and mounts as high as to his disdainful brow; nevertheless the peace which broods thereon in glad tranquillity remains unruffled, and his eye is full of sweetness, even as in the midst of the Muses when they are fain to lay their arms about him. The father of the gods himself does not, in any other of art's most honored images, approach so near to that majesty in which the divine poet conceived him, as in this his image in the countenance of his son; and the several beauties of the other gods meet together here as in the person of Pandora. A front of Jove, pregnant with his child the goddess of wisdom; eyebrows that by their movement affirm the will; eyes of mighty arch, the eyes of the queen goddess, and a mouth the image of that which inspired the beloved Branchus to delight. About the godlike head the soft hair plays like the tender and twining strings of some goodly vine moved equally by gentle airs; it seems anointed with balsams of the gods, and bound up in benignant richness by the hands of the Graces. In presence of this miracle of art I forget all else, and my spirit takes a lofty stand to gaze on it from befitting heights; I feel my breast dilated and uplifted with veneration, like those whom I behold inspired with the breath of prophecy; I am transported in spirit to Delos and the Lycian grove . . .

But we will not follow further the lyric prose of Winckelmann, since from this height of transport it wavers, and shortly finds its way somewhat flounderingly to earth.

Winckelmann's words of ecstasy were also words of authority, and served to confirm and deepen the impression already prevalent. The study which he had founded, others carried on and extended; but it was not until the year 1816 that there happened the event, perhaps the greatest of all events in the annals of classical archaeology, which after a while had for its consequence the reversal of all established canons. That event was the purchase by the English nation, completed after long hesitation, of the Attic sculptures removed from the Parthenon by Lord Elgin. Among the evidence taken by experts as to their merits, one voice only was raised to declare them better than all other antiques together; Flaxman, one of the warmest advocates of the purchase, declaring that in his judgment the Theseus, excellent as it was, was still inferior to "the Apollo." Slowly, however, the concentration of study upon these new standards, and upon other works of art genuinely Greek and of the best time, revealed the enormous difference which divided

them from the works that had hitherto been most admired, and thrust the dethroned Apollo, with many another of the treasures of Roman palaces, into their true place among the productions, comparatively shallow, showy, and pretentious, of late Greek or imperial art. All those points upon which Winckelmann had dwelt were found, in comparison with the really great work, to call for an interpretation the reverse of his. That absence of discernible vein and muscle, of the diversities of real flesh-surface, that polished evenness of the rounded marble, was found to be merely the sign of empty mechanical workmanship, and to have nothing to do with an incorporeal conception of the ideal; the Elgin marbles, being really Greek from the school of Pheidias, showed us ideals immeasurably more majestic, and a method of working them out which consisted in the very opposite handling—in an infinitely careful and tender imitation of realities, a translation into marble of every beautiful quality and accident of the corporeal fabric and its draperies. The very anatomy of the Apolline limbs, the design of the legs and setting of the thighs, was shown to be more pretentious than really right. The consciousness, the purpose to impress, the *pose*, in the attitude and expression, clever and striking beyond a doubt, were felt to be quite foreign to the great Greek style of invention in its simplicity. Matters like the sandals with their elegant patterns, and the hair with that luxuriant knotting and cunning adjustment which delighted Winckelmann, were perceived to be, tested by the same high standard, coxcombical.

In a word, the Apollo Belvedere stood confessed a monument of the decadence. But students did not therefore cease to study it; our materials from the early and the crowning times of ancient art are not so ample that we can afford to neglect so conspicuous and interesting a work of later times as this. Its relative place in general terms ascertained, attention was next directed towards its special subject. Winckelmann had suggested the first and most renowned exploit of the divine archer, his slaying of the Python at the Delphian shrine; and elsewhere, as an alternative, his slaying of the insulter of his mother Leto, the giant Tityos. These two alternatives have been much debated, a whole company of learned writers taking either side in the discussion. Next, other conjectures were added, and all the mythic victories and vengeance of the god were tried one after another. One said, he is

neither the Pythian *Kallinikos*, light victorious over defilement, nor yet the slayer of the ravisher Tityos; he is the chastiser of pride, sending forth his shafts against the seven sons and seven daughters of presumptuous Niobe. And another, he is the *Hekatébolos* of Homer, the far-darting god of pestilence, who at the prayer of his priest comes down from Olympus, and scatters death among the Grecian host. But in trying to work out one or another of these suppositions, there arose difficulties hard to solve. Try it how you will, the attitude of the statue is not the natural attitude of shooting with a bow. The advanced right leg, upon which the weight is wholly thrown, the left leg being left behind—the head thrown over the left shoulder, and the upper part of the body turned partly with it in a direction almost at right angles to the advance—the left arm raised high in the same direction in which the head is turned, and raised, it seems, with an action of suddenness, so that it has caught up a part of the loose chlamys or short cloak slung over the shoulders—the right hand suspended and a little extended from the side, with a movement also of sudden and brief expectancy—the scornful lifting and arching of the under lip, which throws the chin forward—the angry dilation of the nostril, with that wide and haughty outlook of the eyes, not intent like a marksman's—test and study them how you will, neither this combination of actions nor this expression can really be made appropriate to the act of archery. "The god has delivered his victorious shafts, and is striding away content," said the majority of critics; but there is none of the relaxation of content in this movement, and you have only to rehearse the action to feel it, under such circumstances, quite unnatural. Again, it was suggested by those who held for the Tityos motive, the god is pausing between two discharges of his bow, and turning in the pause to look towards the mother whom he champions. In vain; the result remained, for all candid and exact students, that either this Apollo was not here represented as plying his bow at all, or else that he was represented as so doing very falsely and affectedly.

A fortunate discovery came to prove the former case, and to save the credit of the artist. One of the most learned and ingenious of scholars, Dr. Stephani of St. Petersburg, published in 1860 an account and illustrations of a bronze statuette which he had found in the possession of a Count Stroganoff of that city. Hitherto

one of the several open questions concerning the Apollo Belvedere was this, whether it was an original conception—and nothing is rarer than an original conception in the art of those late Greek or imperial times to which it was now admitted to belong—or whether, a much likelier supposition, it was a copy, made in those times, of some work previously existing. The Stroganoff bronze disposed of this doubt first of all. It showed just those correspondences with the famous marble, and just those divergences from it, which lead an archaeologist, when he observes them, to conclude back with certainty from the several works where they occur to the existence of a common original. The bronze, eighteen inches high and not very highly finished, repeats in attitude, type, and gesture all the essentials which we find in the marble. In some particulars it is better and simpler, particularly in the pose and setting of the lingering left leg; the limbs generally are less slender; the action of the idle right hand, with its fingers half-closed and slack, is much better than the ostentatious spreading of the same fingers to which the restorer has accustomed us in the marble. The chlamys, instead of being caught so that its end hangs over the raised left arm, falls straight and simply behind the shoulder; but it is not clear that this particular is anything but a consequence of the breaking off of the thin bronze in this place. The elaborate sandals are almost the same, but the hair of the unshorn one, *Akersekomēs*, is much simpler in flow and twist. Above all, the left arm, held not so high as in the marble, has its wrist and hand complete, and the hand carries, *not* a bow, but—something else, of which the nature was at first sight dubious. It looks like an imitation in bronze of a piece of fringed and crumpled leather. But on examination it is apparent that the fringed and crumpled substance is not complete; there was once more of it, and the rest has been broken away. What could it have been? The only thing made of such substance with which we are familiar in ancient art is the aegis, the symbol of the rushing storm, the weapon or amulet with which the gods of the sky, Zeus the cloud-compeller, and his child Athênê, the queen of the air, are wont to dismay and scatter their enemies. The aegis was indeed represented as a scarf or short cloak of fringed and crumpled goat-skin, embossed with the head of the Gorgon for a symbol of terror. But there is little enough left to make sure by, in the object

which the extended arm of our bronze Apollo holds out, even though we cannot imagine anything else which that object could possibly be. Wait, however; there is further evidence in the matter. The bronze statuette can be traced back to the possession of a Dr. Frank, who lived as physician with Veli Pasha, first at Janina in Epirus, and afterwards, between 1807 and 1810, in the Peloponnese. He had received it as a present from his employer; it had formed part, as it appears, of a find of eighteen bronzes which had been made in the neighborhood of Janina. Sixteen out of these eighteen pieces had been followed, and what became of them ascertained with certainty; this Apollo made an almost equally certain seventeenth; what was the eighteenth? When we find the French consul and antiquarian Pouqueville mentioning, as in the possession of the same Dr. Frank, a *bronze head of Medusa*, are we not safe in concluding that this was at once the missing eighteenth piece of the Janina find, and the missing portion broken from the ægis, the *Gorgoneion*, of the Apollo?

At first, this idea of the ægis as the weapon of Apollo may seem strange in place of the familiar bow. We ask, did Apollo wear the ægis? We know it was the peculiar badge of his sire Zeus and his sister Athênê, and how should it pass from their possession into his? To answer this, we have only to remember our Homer. Once in Homer, and memorably though only once, Apollo does wield the ægis, not as his proper attribute, but as entrusted to him by his sire for a special purpose. It is in the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*, where Zeus takes, for the time being, the side of the Trojans, and bids the gods who help the Greeks hold off, and drives the Greeks themselves back to their ships. Or rather, he charges Apollo to drive them for him; and, as his purpose is not to slay but to scare, so Apollo has not to send among them those shafts which, whether for vengeance or release, are shafts of death; he has for this once to receive from his sire the thing of dread, the symbol of the concentrated terrors of the sky, and at its aspect to scatter them unhurt. "Take thou in thy hands the fringed ægis," says to him Zeus his sire; "take it thou, and shake it mightily, and strike terror among the heroes of the Achæians." And by-and-by, heaping upon the symbolic weapon all the epithets of its power, Apollo, says the poet, marched in advance of the Trojan champion, his shoulders clad in cloud, and bearing "the

swift and terrible ægis, conspicuous, shagged within and without, which the artificer Hephaistos gave to Zeus to wear for a terror to men: even this held he in his hands, and marched before the people. And the Argives held their ground as one man; shrill rose the battle-cry from this hand and from that; leaped many an arrow from its string, and from brave hands many a spear went forth, some to strike fast in the flesh of mighty warriors, and many, before they reached the white flesh, to strike in the ground midway, hungering for their fill of flesh. As long, at least, as Phœbus Apollo held the ægis quiet in his hands, so long the shafts flew striking either rank, and so long the hosts fought and fell; but when once he looked the fleet-horsed Danaans in the face, and shook the ægis, and cried, even he himself, with a mighty voice, then as by a spell he broke the courage within their hearts, and they forgot their fierce defence"—and huddled and fled, continues the poet, as a flock or herd may huddle and flee when the herdsman is absent, and a pair of beasts assail it in the night-time.

Here, then, we have epical authority for Apollo as the ægis-wielder. And the special points of the description answer precisely to special points in the statue, which the archer hypotheses fail to account for. If we imagine the god, not indeed marching to confront a hostile rank directly face to face, but hurrying up from one side to interpose between some threatened object and the enemy threatening it—if we imagine him so hurrying up, reaching the right point for interposition, then pausing in his advance, and turning upon the enemy on his left with a sudden action of indignant disdain, a sudden and haughty looking of them in the face, and shaking of the upheld ægis to dismay them (*κατενέματα ἰδὼν . . . Σείει*)—then, and then only, shall we have an explanation of our statue that will really both explain and justify it, and hold good at all points.

It is, then, as such an Apollo, an Apollo *Aigiochos*, or invested with the ægis of his sire, and *Boëdromios*, or hastening to the succor of some who need it, that our statue is henceforth to be regarded. We have henceforth to think away Montorsoli's restoration of the bow altogether. The Stroganoff bronze of itself proves as much; the passage in Homer supports and authorizes the proof. Add that after the discovery of the bronze, another valuable discovery was made, in 1866, of a marble head slightly mutilated, belonging evidently to a third ancient ver

sion of the same original. This head, bought in Rome by the sculptor Steinhäuser, is now in the museum of Basle. In the brilliancy and mechanical finish of the marble, it is not to be compared to the head of the Vatican statue; but it, again, is less overdone than the other in the expression of mouth and chin; it is much simpler in the treatment of the hair, and therefore purer in contour; thus seeming to take us nearer to a Greek original, and to show that no small part of those theatrical elegancies and exaggerations to which we object in the Vatican figures is due to the taste of the imperial copyist. That such a Greek original was of bronze and not of marble, can also be inferred with certainty. That gleaming evenness of surface which imposes so much on unpractised eyes is due in part to the mechanical attempt at imitating in stone the qualities of bronze; there are technical points, as in the definition of the lips and eyelids, which are again the sure marks of such imitation; but the surest mark of all is the management of the cloak; this, as caught up over the left arm and hanging free from the same arm to the shoulder, forms a thin sheet or plate which no marble sculptor would ever have invented as suitable, either in substance or in fold, to his material, but which would be perfectly suitable to the material of bronze.

The question now remains, can we get nearer in any way to that Greek original statue of bronze, which, from the evidence, we judge to have existed? can we tell more precisely what and of what date was that Apollo which our several later copyists had before them?

II.

So far we have been on safe ground, and have arrived at results as certain as, in this imperfect and still progressing science of classical archæology, results ever are. What follows is not so well established, and should pass current not yet as positive knowledge, but only as attractive and probable conjecture. The question before us is, in what days and under what circumstances was this type of Apollo as ægis-bearer and succorer, such as we find him in the Vatican statue, the Basle head, and the St. Petersburg bronze, first wrought? It is a question which narrows itself on a little examination. From the outset we are quite sure that the invention does not belong to the majestic days of Greek art in the fifth century, the age of Pericles. It so happens that an Apollo *Boëdromios* or *Alexikakos*, an Apollo the

succorer, has lately been discovered which does belong to that age; I mean the colossal figure which filled the central place in the western pediment of the great temple of Olympia, and represented the god as interposing to defend his Greeks, men and maidens assembled at the marriage feast of Peirithoos, from the assault of the Centaurs. The figures of that pediment were the work of Alkamenes, the scholar and almost the rival of Pheidias; and from the cast of the Apollo's head, which, as well as a sketch of his body, have reached home, we can see how completely the conception is governed by the old religious stateliness and high reserve. The type is, indeed, in some sense ancestor, a lofty ancestor, to the type of the Belvedere; the underlip is raised, but only just raised, in scorn; the head, with its close, trim locks treated in the archaic manner, and bound with a close bronze band, was inclined, but only slightly inclined, over the shoulder; one arm, to which a drapery hangs, was raised, but only moderately raised, in action. Enough, however, of the new-found Apollo of Alkamenes, until there shall have been time to study it more fully; we did not need its discovery to be sure that our other Apollo had nothing to do with the Greek art of those days. Making all allowance for the spirit of parade and false refinement in the copyist, we can still pronounce that this type is originally due neither to the first nor to the second great Attic school, neither to that of Pheidias in the fifth century, nor to that of Scopas and Praxiteles in the fourth; but that it is due, at earliest, to the third century, to days, post-Alexandrian, when in the breaking up of the ancient politics of Greece, Greek art and intellect had ceased to be centralized at Athens, and there arose in all parts of the new as well as the old Greek world schools infinitely accomplished and inventive still, but of which the characteristics are to be elegant, to be dramatic, to be realistic, to be modern, to have all qualities except the old majesty and simplicity.

Granting, then, that the period of Greek art between, say, 300 and 100 B.C. must be the period to which our type belongs, by what occasion that we can tell is it likely to have been suggested? For nothing is less likely than that it should have been merely suggested by that passage in the fifteenth book of the Iliad. To supply mere illustrations of passages in the poets was at no time the task of monumental sculpture in Greece; its task was to supply images of religion and to commemorate great persons and events. And the

religious and the commemorative parts of its task were almost inextricably connected; inasmuch as every human event was regarded as happening under superhuman influence, and with every political glory or disaster, every historical victory or defeat, were mixed up ideas of the action both of ancestral heroes and of Olympian gods. Nothing is so likely as that a figure like our Apollo should have been set up by way of celebration and thanksgiving for the supposed interposition of his deity in some actual event.

Now do we know of any event in the history of Greece after the fourth century for which thanks were likely to have been offered in this shape? Do we know of any peril of the Greeks in which the successor of Apollo was conspicuously interposed? We do know of such an event and such a peril; and with the circumstances which attended them the peculiar features of our statue very singularly agree. The case was this. In the year 279 B.C. Greece suffered a disastrous invasion of those tribes of Gaulish barbarians which had for many years been uneasily shifting about the head and eastern shores of the Adriatic. They descended into Illyria; they swarmed over Macedonia, defeated and put to death the Macedonian king Ptolemæus; and next, to the number of sixty-five thousand under their leader Brennus, penetrated into Greece itself. The prize upon which the Gaul had set his heart was the plunder of the famous shrine of Delphi. That story of the barbarian assault and of its overthrow is the most rousing in the later annals of Greece. It is only in the pages of indifferent writers of Roman or imperial days that we read it — a fragment of Diodorus Siculus, a chapter of the guide-book of Pausanias, another of the abridged compilation of Justin — but as we read, even those tame narratives seem to take fire, and we can enter into all the emotions of that supernatural victory, which stirred once more within the hearts of all Greeks the expiring sense of the glories of their race, and seemed for a moment to renew the days of Marathon and Salamis and Plataeæ. At the approach of the invading host, the guardians of Delphi sought counsel of the oracle. "Fear not," replied the god, "I shall take care for mine own, I and the white maidens." The Gauls, tempted, as one account has it, by the wines and produce of the Phokian plain, delayed their attack long enough for a body of some four thousand defenders to be collected. And when at last they did gather to the fight, and began

the assault of the holy steep, suddenly the earth quaked, and a tempest gathered, and thunder and lightning raged with earthquake the whole day long, and confounded the barbarians, and put to naught their multitudes. And the shapes of the Delphian heroes of old were seen athwart the fight — Phylakos and Laodokos and Hyperochos and Pyrrhos; and at a certain moment the priests from all the temples rushed forth, their hair and fillets flying, the instruments of their ministry in their hands, and came among the front rank of the fighters, and cried that the gods were fighting for the Greeks, that they had seen the very god as he flitted in lineaments of radiant youth athwart the opening of his temple, and to his side there had come up from the neighbor temples of Artemis and Athênê two presences of virgins armed; nor had they seen these things with their eyes only, but had heard the weapons of the immortals clash and their bowstrings hiss. So the assailants were overthrown upon that day, and their commander wounded in the fight; and in the night there came signs and wonders greater yet, to wit, great snow and frost, and a falling of rocks from the precipices, which fell and crushed the barbarians; and the next day the Greeks assailed them in their turn, hurling arrows and javelins with the advantage of the ground; until, on the night of the second day, a panic terror descended on the Gauls, and they turned wildly upon one another, and slew one another all night long, after which the Greeks had small pains in scattering the remainder till they were pursued and put to the sword.

Such was the form which, in the imagination of the Greeks, was given to the story of their deliverance from the Gauls at Delphi. It is evident that their defence had, in fact, been greatly helped by alarm of earthquake and blinding weather. If ever, in the history of the Greek world, Apollo fought visibly in defence of his worshippers, it was here; and he fought, which is the especial point, with unusual weapons; not with his own Apolline shafts, which are of three kinds, the shafts of *light*, of *heat*, or of *pestilence*; but with weapons which belong to his father Zeus, with thunder and lightning and storm, with the *concentrated terrors of the sky*; and of these, as I have said, the ægis with its Gorgon face is in art and mythology the symbol.

We do not know, as a matter of fact, that this last supernatural triumph of the Greek race over outnumbering barbarians

was commemorated with a statue, or statues, of Apollo wearing the ægis. But the appropriateness of that attribute to the event is obvious. Apollo as he dismayed the Gauls on the Delphian steep, is in every point the same Apollo who dismays the Greeks in the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*. And that the Delphian victory was, with statues of one kind and another, abundantly commemorated by the art of those days, is a fact which we do know. It was also commemorated by the establishment of a new festival, the festival of the *Sôteria*, or rejoicings for deliverance, in which Apollo the son was especially coupled with Zeus the sire. Of works of sculpture set up in honor of the victory, Pausanias mentions a statue of the Phokian warrior Aleximachos, killed in the fight, which was dedicated by his countrymen at Delphi; two statues of Apollo and one of Athênê also dedicated at Delphi by the Ætolians, besides, from the same source, a group of Ætolian captains in association with Artemis; and lastly, a figure of Apollo dedicated in their own market-place by the people of Patræ, the modern Patras, in Achaia. But before Pausanias was at Delphi, Nero had carried off from that sanctuary as many as six hundred of its dedicatory statues; and if the original of our Apollo had been set up at Delphi, we might well suppose it to have been among those six hundred, and that Roman sculptors copied it by the imperial order for the adornment of the imperial pleasure-house at Antium.

The hypothesis thus set forth is a hypothesis and no more; but it is supported by many circumstances of probability. The style and conception of the work correspond completely with the proposed date. And to all other considerations there are the following to be added. It is probable that a monument of sculpture set up to record the overthrow of the Gauls at Delphi would consist, not of the figure of Apollo alone, but would represent Apollo associated with Athênê and Artemis, the "white maidens" of the oracle, the sister goddesses who also had temples adjacent to his own on the heights of Delphi, and who came up each from her temple to help him in the fight. Our argument, say therefore some critics, would be not a little helped if we could point to a statue of either or both of these goddesses which seemed to fit naturally into one and the same group with the Apollo Belvedere. And to such a statue, they add, we can very distinctly point. The well-known

Artemis with the stag, one of the most admired sculptures of the Louvre, and popularly known as the Diana of Versailles, furnishes the very thing of which we are in search. The extremely close correspondence between the Apollo Belvedere and the Artemis with the stag, their almost complete natural balance, had long ago been pointed out. Exactly as the Apollo advances hastily from the right, and pauses in his advance to throw his face and in a less degree his body to the left, and hold up the ægis with the left arm, so does the Artemis advance hastily from the left, and pause in her advance to throw her head and in some degree her body to the right, while she raises her right arm to draw an arrow from her quiver. Just as the olive-stem and serpent beside Apollo are the symbols of his deity, so is the attendant stag in the other statue the symbol of the pursuits of Artemis. The figures have the same slender proportions, still more exaggerated in the Artemis, the same highly finished sandals and mode of treatment in the hair, only that of Artemis is braided with less luxuriance. The eyes of both are raised in the same wide, distant, and haughty regard. The very features, with the design and expression of the mouth and chin, have a likeness which is more than that of divine brother and sister, which is identity on different scales. On the whole, the Artemis has a nobler and simpler aspect, with more of life and less of display, and so far speaks better for the copyist who has in this case translated the Greek original into marble. But when once you have taken casts of the two figures, and placed them side by side, with their faces fronting the same way and the direction of their bodies almost meeting, when you have done this and observed their balance and correspondence, it is difficult again to think of them apart. It need hardly be pointed out how accurately the very words of Justin about the virgin goddesses, how they *ran up, each from her neighboring temple, to join Apollo*, correspond to that action which I have described as the only one possible for the Belvedere figure, as it is also for the figure in the Louvre — the action, that is, of advancing from one side to interpose between some threatened object and its enemy, then, at the right point for interposition, turning against the enemy and confronting him.

With these figures of the Apollo Belvedere and the Diana of Versailles it has been attempted, I do not think success-

fully, to unite, as part of the same group, the third champion of the Greeks on that day, in the shape of a statue of Athênê, preserved in the Museum of the Capitol at Rome. But of conjecture we have by this time had enough. Let the conjecture about the association of this Apollo and this Artemis, and the conjecture about the relation of both to the defeat of the Gauls at Delphi, be taken for what they are worth, which is certainly not a little. And let only the other part of our account, which identifies the Apollo Belvedere as a god, for the nonce, not of the sounding bow, but of the scathing and dismaying ægis, let that only be taken as a thing known and out of doubt.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CANOSSA.

ITALY is less the land of what is venerable in antiquity, than of beauty, by divine right young eternally in spite of age. This is due partly to her history and art and literature, partly to the temper of the races who have made her what she is, and partly to her natural advantages. Her oldest architectural remains, the temples of Pæstum and Girgenti, or the gates of Perugia and Volterra, are so adapted to Italian landscape and so graceful in their massive strength, that we forget the centuries which have passed over them. We leap as by a single bound from the times of Roman greatness to the new birth of humanity in the fourteenth century, forgetting the many years during which Italy, like the rest of Europe, was buried in what our ancestors called Gothic barbarism. The illumination cast upon the classic period by the literature of Rome and by the memory of her great men is so vivid, that we feel the days of the republic and the empire to be near us; while the Italian Renaissance is so truly a revival of that former splendor, a resumption of the music interrupted for a season, that it is extremely difficult to form any conception of the five long centuries which elapsed between the Lombard invasion in 568 and the accession of Hildebrand to the pontificate in 1073. So true is it that nothing lives and has reality for us but what is spiritual, intellectual, self-possessed in personality and consciousness. When the Egyptian priest said to

Solon, "You Greeks are always children," he intended a gentle sarcasm, but he implied a compliment; for the quality of imperishable youth belonged to the Hellenic spirit, and has become the heritage of every race which partook of it. And this spirit in no common degree has been shared by the Italians of the earlier and the later classic epoch. The land is full of monuments pertaining to those two brilliant periods; and whenever the voice of poet has spoken, or the hand of artist has been at work, that spirit, as distinguished from the spirit of mediævalism, has found expression.

Yet it must be remembered that during the five centuries above mentioned Italy was given over to Lombards, Franks, and Germans. Feudal institutions, alien to the social and political ideals of the classic world, took a firm hold on the country. The Latin element remained silent, passive, in abeyance, undergoing an important transformation. It was in the course of those five hundred years that the Italians as a modern people, separable from their Roman ancestors, were formed. At the close of this obscure passage in Italian history, their communes, the foundation of Italy's future independence, and the source of her peculiar national development, appeared in all the vigor and audacity of youth. At its close the Italian genius presented Europe with its greatest triumph of constructive ability, the papacy. At its close again the series of supreme artistic achievements, starting with the architecture of churches and public palaces, passing on to sculpture and painting, and culminating in music, which only ended with the temporary extinction of national vitality in the seventeenth century, was simultaneously begun in all the provinces of the peninsula.

So important were these five centuries of incubation for Italy, and so little is there left of them to arrest the attention of the student, dazzled as he is by the ever-living splendors of Greece, Rome, and the Renaissance, that a visit to the ruins of Canossa is almost a duty. There, in spite of himself, by the very isolation and forlorn abandonment of what was once so formidable a seat of feudal despotism and ecclesiastical tyranny, he is forced to confront the obscure but mighty spirit of the Middle Ages. There, if anywhere, the men of those iron-hearted times anterior to the Crusades will acquire distinctness for his imagination, when he recalls the three main actors in the drama enacted on the

summit of Canossa's rock in the bitter winter of 1077.

Canossa lies almost due south of Reggio d'Emilia, upon the slopes of the Apennines. Starting from Reggio, the carriage-road keeps to the plain for some while in a westerly direction, and then bends away towards the mountains. As we approach their spurs, the ground begins to rise. The rich Lombard tilth of maize and vine gives place to English-looking hedgerows, lined with oaks, and studded with handsome dark tufts of green hellebore. The hills descend in melancholy earth-heaps on the plain, crowned here and there with ruined castles. Four of these mediæval strongholds, called Bianello, Montevetro, Monteluzzo, and Montezano, give the name of Quattro Castelli to the commune. The most important of them, Bianello, which, next to Canossa, was the strongest fortress possessed by the Countess Matilda and her ancestors, still presents a considerable mass of masonry, roofed, and habitable. The group formed a kind of advance-guard for Canossa against attack from Lombardy. After passing Quattro Castelli we enter the hills, climbing gently upwards between barren slopes of ashy grey earth — the *débris* of most ancient Apennines — crested at favorable points with lonely towers. In truth the whole country bristles with ruined forts, making it clear that during the Middle Ages Canossa was but the centre of a great military system, the core and kernel of a fortified position which covered an area to be measured by scores of square miles, reaching far into the mountains and buttressed on the plain. As yet, however, after nearly two hours' driving Canossa has not come in sight. At last a turn in the road discloses an opening in the valley of the Enza to the left: up this lateral gorge we see first the Castle of Rossena on its knoll of solid red rock, flaming in the sunlight; and then, further withdrawn, detached from all surrounding objects, and reared aloft as though to sweep the sea of waved and broken hills around it, a sharp horn of hard white stone. That is Canossa — the *alba Canossa*, the *candida petra* of its rhyming chronicler. There is no mistaking the commanding value of its situation. At the same time the brilliant whiteness of Canossa's rocky hill, contrasted with the red gleam of Rossena, and outlined against the prevailing dulness of these earthy Apennines, secures a picturesque individuality concordant with its unique history and unrivalled strength.

There is still a journey of two hours before the castle can be reached; and this may be performed on foot or horseback. The path winds upward over broken ground; following the *arête* of curiously jumbled and thwarted hill-slopes; passing beneath the battlements of Rossena; whence the unfortunate Everelina threw herself in order to escape the savage love of her lord and jailer; and then skirting those horrid earthen *balse* which are so common and so unattractive a feature of Apennine scenery. The most hideous *balse* to be found in the length and breadth of Italy are probably those of Volterra, from which the citizens themselves recoil with a kind of terror, and which lure melancholy men by intolerable fascination on to suicide. Forever crumbling, altering with frost and rain, discharging gloomy glaciers of slow-crawling mud, and scarring the hillside with tracts of barrenness, these earth-precipices are among the most ruinous and uncomfortable failures of nature. They have not even so much of wildness or grandeur as forms the saving merit of nearly all wrathful things in the world, and can only be classed with the desolate *ghiare* of Italian river-beds.

Such as they are, these *balse* form an appropriate preface to the gloomy and repellant isolation of Canossa. The rock towers from a narrow platform to the height of rather more than one hundred and sixty feet from its base. The top is fairly level, forming an irregular triangle, of which the greatest length is about two hundred and sixty feet, and the width about one hundred feet. Scarcely a vestige of any building can be traced either upon the platform or the summit, with the exception of a broken wall and windows supposed to belong to the end of the sixteenth century. The ancient castle, with its triple circuit of walls, enclosing barracks for the garrison, lodgings for the lord and his retainers, a stately church, a sumptuous monastery, storehouses, stables, workshops, and all the various buildings of a fortified stronghold, have utterly disappeared. The very passage of approach cannot be ascertained; for it is doubtful whether the present irregular path that scales the western face of the rock, be really the remains of some old staircase corresponding to that by which Mont St. Michel in Normandy is ascended. One thing is tolerably certain — that the three walls of which we hear so much from the chroniclers, and which played so picturesque a part in the drama of Henry

IV.'s penance, surrounded the cliff at its base, and embraced a large acreage of ground. The citadel itself must have been but the acropolis or keep of an extensive fortress.

There has been plenty of time since the year 1255, when the people of Reggio sacked and destroyed Canossa, for nature to resume her undisputed sway by obliterating the handiwork of men; and at present nature forms the chief charm of Canossa. Lying one afternoon of May on the crisp short grass at the edge of a precipice purple with iris in full blossom, I surveyed, from what were once the battlements of Matilda's castle, a prospect than which there is none more spirit-stirring by reason of its beauty and its manifold associations in Europe. The lower castle-crowded hills have sunk. Reggio lies at our feet, shut in between the crests of Monte Carboniano and Monte delle Celle. Beyond Reggio stretches Lombardy — the fairest and most memorable battle-field of nations, the richest and most highly cultivated, garden of civilized industry. Nearly all the Lombard cities may be seen, some of them faint like bluish films of vapor, some clear with dome and spire. There is Modena and her Ghirlandina. Carpi, Parma, Mirandola, Verona, Mantua, lie well-defined and russet on the flat green map; and there flashes a bend of lordly Po; and there the Euganeans rise like islands, telling us where Padua and Ferrara nestle in the amethystine haze. Beyond and above all to the northward sweep the Alps, tossing their silvery crests up into a cloudless sky from the violet mist that girds their flanks and drowns their basements. Monte Adamello and the Ortler, the cleft of the Brenner and the sharp peaks of the Venetian Alps are all distinctly visible. An eagle flying straight from our eyrie might traverse Lombardy and light among the snow-fields of the Valteline between sunrise and sundown. Nor is the prospect tame to southward. Here the Apennines roll, billow above billow, in majestic desolation, soaring to snow summits in the Pellegriño region. As our eye attempts to thread that labyrinth of hill and vale, we tell ourselves that those roads wind to Tuscany, and yonder stretches Garfagnana, where Ariosto lived and mused in honorable exile from the world he loved.

It was by one of the mountain passes that lead from Lucca northward that the first founder of Canossa is said to have travelled early in the tenth century.

Sigifredo, if the tradition may be trusted, was very wealthy; and with his money he bought lands and signorial rights at Reggio, bequeathing to his children, when he died about 945, a patrimony which they developed into a petty kingdom. Azzo, his second son, fortified Canossa, and made it his principal place of residence. When Lothair, king of Italy, died in 950, leaving his beautiful widow to the ill-treatment of his successor, Berenger, Adelaide found a protector in this Azzo. She had been imprisoned on the Lake of Garda; but managing to escape in man's clothes to Mantua, she thence sent news of her misfortunes to Canossa. Azzo lost no time in riding with his knights to her relief, and brought her back in safety to his mountain fastness. It is related that Azzo was afterwards instrumental in calling Otho into Italy and procuring his marriage with Adelaide, in consequence of which events Italy became a fief of the empire. Owing to the part he played at this time, the lord of Canossa was recognized as one of the most powerful vassals of the German emperor in Lombardy. Honors were heaped upon him; and he grew so rich and formidable, that Berenger, the titular king of Italy, laid siege to his fortress of Canossa. The memory of this siege, which lasted for three years and a half, is said still to linger in the popular traditions of the place. When Azzo died at the end of the tenth century, he left to his son Tedaldo the title of count of Reggio and Modena; and this title was soon after raised to that of marquis. The marches governed as vicar of the empire by Tedaldo included Reggio, Modena, Ferrara, Brescia, and probably Mantua. They stretched, in fact, across the north of Italy, forming a quadrilateral between the Alps and Apennines. Like his father, Tedaldo adhered consistently to the Imperial party; and when he died and was buried at Canossa, he in his turn bequeathed to his son Bonifazio a power and jurisdiction increased by his own abilities. Bonifazio held the state of a sovereign at Canossa, adding the duchy of Tuscany to his father's fiefs, and meeting the allied forces of the Lombard barons in the field of Coviolo like an independent potentate. His power and splendor were great enough to rouse the jealousy of the emperor; but Henry III. seems to have thought it more prudent to propitiate this proud vassal, and to secure his kindness, than to attempt his humiliation. Bonifazio married Beatrice, daughter of

Frederick, duke of Lorraine — her whose marble sarcophagus in the Campo Santo at Pisa is said to have inspired Niccola Pisano with his new style of sculpture. Their only child, Matilda, was born probably at Lucca, in 1046; and six years after her birth Bonifazio, who had swayed his subjects like an iron-handed tyrant, was murdered. To the great house of Canossa, the rulers of one-third of Italy, there now remained only two women, Bonifazio's widow Beatrice, and his daughter Matilda. Beatrice married Godfrey, duke of Lorraine, who was recognized by Henry IV. as her husband and as feudatory of the empire in the full place of Boniface. He died about 1070; and in this year Matilda was married by proxy to his son, Godfrey the Hunchback, whom, however, she did not see till the year 1072. The marriage was not a happy one; and the question has even been disputed among Matilda's biographers whether it was ever consummated. At any rate it did not last long; for Godfrey was killed at Antwerp in 1076. In this year Matilda also lost her mother, Beatrice, who died at Pisa, and was buried in the cathedral.

By this rapid enumeration of events it will be seen how the power and honors of the house of Canossa, including Tuscany, Spoleto, and the fairest portions of Lombardy, had devolved upon a single woman of the age of thirty at the moment when the fierce quarrel between pope and emperor began in the year 1076. Matilda was destined to play a great, a striking, and a tragic part in the opening drama of Italian history. Her decided character and uncompromising course of action have won for her the name of *la gran donna d'Italia*, and have caused her memory to be blessed or execrated according as the temporal pretensions and spiritual tyranny of the papacy may have found supporters or opponents in posterity. She was reared from childhood in habits of austerity and unquestioning piety. Submission to the Church became for her not merely a rule of conduct, but a passionate enthusiasm. She identified herself with the cause of four successive popes; protected her idol, the terrible and iron-hearted Hildebrand, in the time of his adversity; remained faithful to his principles after his death; and having served the holy see with all her force and all that she possessed through all her lifetime, she bequeathed her vast dominions to it on her death-bed. Like some of the greatest mediæval char-

acters — like Hildebrand himself — Matilda was so thoroughly of one piece, that she towers above the mists of ages with the massive grandeur of an incarnated idea. She is for us the living statue of a single thought, an undivided impulse, the more than woman born to represent her age. Nor was it without reason that Dante symbolized in her the love of holy Church; though students of the "Purgatory" will hardly recognize the lovely maiden, singing and plucking flowers beside the stream of Lethe, in the stern and warlike châteline of Canossa. Unfortunately we know but little of Matilda's personal appearance. Her health was not strong; and it is said to have been weakened, especially in her last illness, by ascetic observances. Yet she headed her own troops, armed with sword and cuirass, avoiding neither peril nor fatigue in the quarrels of her master Gregory. Up to the year 1622 two strong suits of mail were preserved at Quattro Castelli, which were said to have been worn by her in battle, and which were afterwards sold on the market-place at Reggio. This habit of donning armor does not, however, prove that Matilda was exceptionally vigorous; for in those savage times she could hardly have played the part of heroine without participating personally in the dangers of warfare.

No less monumental in the plastic unity of his character was the monk Hildebrand, who, for twenty years before his elevation to the papacy had been the maker of popes and the creator of the policy of Rome. When he was himself elected in the year 1073, and had assumed the name of Gregory VII., he immediately began to put in practice the plans for Church aggrandizement he had slowly matured during the previous quarter of a century. To free the Church from its subservience to the empire, to assert the pope's right to ratify the election of the emperor and to exercise the right of jurisdiction over him, to place ecclesiastical appointments in the sole power of the Roman see, and to render the celibacy of the clergy obligatory, were the points he had resolved to carry. Taken singly and together, these chief aims of Hildebrand's policy had but one object — the magnification of the Church at the expense both of the people and of secular authorities, and the further separation of the Church from the ties and sympathies of common life that bound it to humanity. To accuse Hildebrand of personal ambition would be but shallow criticism, though it is clear that his inflexible

and puissant nature found a savage selfish pleasure in trampling upon power and humbling pride at warfare with his own. Yet his was in no sense an egotistic purpose, like that which moved the popes of the Renaissance to dismember Italy for their bastards. Hildebrand, like Matilda, was himself the creature of a great idea. These two potent personalities completely understood each other, and worked towards a single end. The mythopœic fancy might conceive of them as the male and female manifestations of one dominant faculty, the spirit of ecclesiastical dominion incarnate in a man and woman of almost superhuman mould.

Opposed to them, as the third actor in the drama of Canossa, was a man of feeble mould. Henry IV., king of Italy, but not yet crowned emperor, had none of his opponents' unity of purpose or monumental dignity of character. At war with his German feudatories, browbeaten by rebellious sons, unfaithful and cruel to his wife, vacillating in the measures he adopted to meet his divers difficulties, at one time tormented by his conscience into cowardly submission, and at another treasonably neglectful of the most solemn obligations, Henry was no match for the stern wills against which he was destined to break in unavailing passion. Early disagreements with Gregory had culminated in his excommunication. The German nobles abandoned his cause; and Henry found it expedient to summon a council in Augsburg for the settlement of matters in dispute between the empire and the papacy. Gregory expressed his willingness to attend this council, and set forth from Rome accompanied by the countess Matilda in December, 1076. He did not, however, travel further than Vercelli, for news here reached him that Henry was about to enter Italy at the head of a powerful army. Matilda hereupon persuaded the holy father to place himself in safety among her strongholds of Canossa. Thither accordingly Gregory retired before the ending of that year; and bitter were the sarcasms uttered by the Imperial partisans in Italy upon this protection offered by a fair countess to the monk who had been made a pope. The foul calumnies of that bygone age would be unworthy of even so much as this notice, if we did not trace in them the ineradicable Italian tendency to cynical insinuation—a tendency which has involved the history of the Renaissance popes in an almost impenetrable mist of lies and exaggerations.

Henry was in truth upon his road to Italy, but with a very different attendance from that which Gregory expected. Accompanied by Bertha, his wife, and his boy son Conrad, the emperor elect left Spire in the condition of a fugitive, crossed Burgundy, spent Christmas at Besançon, and journeyed to the foot of Mont Cenis. It is said that he was followed by a single male servant of mean birth; and if the tale of his adventures during the passage of the Alps can be credited, history presents fewer spectacles more picturesque than the straits to which this representative of the Cæsars, this supreme chief of feudal civility, this ruler destined still to be the leader of mighty armies and the father of a line of monarchs, was exposed. Concealing his real name and state, he induced some shepherds to lead him and his escort through the thick snows to the summit of Mont Cenis; and by the help of these men the imperial party were afterwards let down the snow-slopes on the further side by means of ropes. Bertha and her women were sewn up in hides and dragged across the frozen surface of the winter drifts. It was a year memorable for its severity. Heavy snow had fallen in October, which continued icebound and unyielding till the following April.

No sooner had Henry reached Turin, than he set forward again in the direction of Canossa. The fame of his arrival had preceded him, and he found that his party was far stronger in Italy than he had ventured to expect. Proximity to the Church of Rome divests its fulminations of half their terrors. The Italian bishops and barons, less superstitious than the Germans, and with greater reason to resent the domineering graspingness of Gregory, were ready to espouse the emperor's cause. Henry gathered a formidable force as he marched onward across Lombardy; and some of the most illustrious prelates and nobles of the south were in his suite.

A more determined leader than Henry proved himself to be, might possibly have forced Gregory to some accommodation, in spite of the strength of Canossa and the pope's invincible obstinacy, by proper use of these supporters. Meanwhile the adherents of the Church were mustered in Matilda's fortress; among whom may be mentioned Azzo, the progenitor of Este and Brunswick; Hugh, abbot of Clugny; and the princely family of Piedmont. "I am become a second Rome," exclaims Canossa, in the language of Matilda's rhyming chronicler; "all honors are

mine; I hold at once both pope and king, the princes of Italy and those of Gaul, those of Rome, and those from far beyond the Alps." The stage was ready; the audience had assembled; and now the three great actors were about to meet. Immediately upon his arrival at Canossa, Henry sent for his cousin, the countess Matilda, and besought her to intercede for him with Gregory. He was prepared to make any concessions or to undergo any humiliations, if only the ban of excommunication might be removed; nor, cowed as he was by his own superstitious conscience, and by the memory of the opposition he had met with from his German vassals, does he seem to have once thought of meeting force with force, and of returning to his northern kingdom triumphant in the overthrow of Gregory's pride. Matilda undertook to plead his cause before the pontiff. But Gregory was not to be moved so soon to mercy. "If Henry has in truth repented," he replied, "let him lay down crown and sceptre, and declare himself unworthy of the name of king." The only point conceded to the suppliant was that he should be admitted in the garb of a penitent within the precincts of the castle. Leaving his retinue outside the walls, Henry entered the first series of outworks, and was thence conducted to the second, so that between him and the citadel itself there still remained the third of the surrounding bastions. Here he was bidden to wait the pope's pleasure; and here, in the midst of that bitter winter weather, while the fierce winds of the Apennines were sweeping sleet upon him in their passage from Monte Pellegrino to the plain, he knelt barefoot, clothed in sackcloth, fasting from dawn till eve, for three whole days. On the morning of the fourth day, judging that Gregory was inexorable, and that his suit would not be granted, Henry retired to the Chapel of St. Nicholas, which stood within this second precinct. There he called to his aid the abbot of Clugny and the countess, both of whom were his relations, and who, much as they might sympathize with Gregory, could hardly be supposed to look with satisfaction on their royal kinsman's outrage. The abbot told Henry that nothing in the world could move the pope; but Matilda, when in turn he fell before her knees and wept, engaged to do for him the utmost. She probably knew that the moment for unbending had arrived, and that her imperious guest could not with either decency or prudence prolong the outrage offered to the civil

chief of Christendom. It was January 25 when the emperor elect was brought, half dead with cold and misery, into the pope's presence. There he prostrated himself in the dust, crying aloud for pardon. It is said that Gregory first placed his foot upon Henry's neck, uttering these words of Scripture, "*Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis et conculcabis leonem et draconem*," and that then he raised him from the earth and formally pronounced his pardon. The prelates and nobles who took part in this scene were compelled to guarantee with their own oaths the vows of obedience pronounced by Henry; so that in the very act of reconciliation a new insult was offered to him. After this Gregory said mass, and permitted Henry to communicate; and at the close of the day a banquet was served, at which the king sat down to meat with the pope and the countess.

It is probable that, while Henry's penance was performed in the castle courts beneath the rock, his reception by the pope, and all that subsequently happened, took place in the citadel itself. But of this we have no positive information. Indeed the silence of the chronicles as to the topography of Canossa is peculiarly unfortunate for lovers of the picturesque in historic detail, now that there is no possibility of tracing the outlines of the ancient building. Had the author of the "*Vita Mathildis*" (Muratori, vol. v.) foreseen that his beloved Canossa would one day be nothing but a mass of native rock, he would undoubtedly have been more explicit on these points; and much that is vague about an event only paralleled by our Henry II.'s penance before Becket's shrine at Canterbury, might now be clear.

Very little remains to be told about Canossa. During the same year, 1077, Matilda made the celebrated donation of her fiefs to Holy Church. This was accepted by Gregory in the name of St. Peter, and it was confirmed by a second deed during the pontificate of Urban IV. in 1102. Though Matilda subsequently married Guelfo d'Este, son of the duke of Bavaria, she was speedily divorced from him; nor was there any heir to a marriage ridiculous by reason of disparity of age, the bridegroom being but eighteen, while the bride was forty-three in the year of her second nuptials. During one of Henry's descents into Italy he made an unsuccessful attack upon Canossa, assailing it at the head of a considerable force one October morning in 1092. Matilda's biographer

gradually lowered our expectations, till in middle life something is accepted as a boon which in earlier days we should have rejected as a mere hindrance. Our gladness on such an occasion will naturally be shared by those who have been near and intimate enough to have shared in our gradual resignation; but to others it may be the first indication, and a sad one enough, of the change wrought by years in our estimate of ourselves and of life. And to such friendly but comparatively distant spectators the occasion may seem to be one rather for condolence than congratulation. Is not this a kind of sympathy which it is hard to accept cordially, but which it would be unjust as well as ungrateful to reject?

Or, to take another instance, suppose that after long struggles against impending illness or calamity, a crisis comes which, by putting an end to the struggle, reveals to others, while it almost removes from our own consciousness, the weight of the burden which has so long been borne. Is not the sympathy then first excited apt to seem to us ill-timed and unwelcome in the fresh sense of relief—a relief in which we would perhaps gladly forget the weary load of the past? Or, on the other hand, a great happiness may come to us pierced by some secret pang of regret, too late perhaps to be shared by one for whose sake it was chiefly desired, or involving some new anxiety which in anticipation had been scarcely perceptible, but now may overshadow all the brightness. At such moments of complex feeling a warm and untempered congratulation may grate upon us as the most ignorant of blunders, and yet it may proceed from a real and deep sympathy, in what is even now the principal, though not the most vivid, part of our experience. Indeed it very often happens that our own consciousness of joy or sorrow is not keenest at the most eventful moments. "Not in the crises of events . . . are life's delight and depth revealed—

The day of days was not the day,
That went before or was postponed;
The night Death took our lamp away
Was not the night on which we groaned.
I drew my bride beneath the moon
Across my threshold—happy hour;
But ah, the walk that afternoon
We saw the water-flags in flower!"

And if this is so in our own experience (and who but recognizes the truth of it?), how much more must it be the case with other

people's perception of our feelings! If our own emotions arise, not when they are called for, but in gusts as fitful as the wind, it is but natural that sympathy should come not so much when we look for it as when by some inscrutable combination of conditions a way is prepared for the electric spark to flash into our friends' minds a sudden revelation of what has been taking place. So complicated are human beings, and so strangely mingled the events of our lives, that the reflection of them in the minds of others is of necessity broken and partial. We know but little about any event from its mere name. Till it actually befalls us, it may be dreaded or longed for, but we can but guess what will be its general result on our happiness. Probably very few people would say at the end of life that either their hopes or their fears had been always fully justified. Still less can our pity or our congratulation be expected to correspond with realities.

But it is the history or the prophecy, not the present feeling, revealed or suggested by words and looks, which appeals most powerfully to our imaginations. Seen from a slightly different point of view, how different would be the meaning of many of our real feelings, even to ourselves! We may easily prove this, if we have courage to do so, by reading over a few of our own old letters. And of course the difference is still greater in looking on at the lives of others. How much more touching are the pleasures of children and of old people than any of the struggles of the middle-aged wayfarers!—though it is from a dim sense of such struggles, as lying before or behind the present calm, that all its deep pathos is derived. Any present which touches us deeply is sure to be full of reflected lights from the past and the future. Seen under such lights, how sad are some gratifications, how much more pathetic some smiles than any tears!

Such a perfect reflection of every passing phase of feeling as would never jar upon any sensibility is scarcely possible except in the closest of all relations, and rare enough even in that. Nor is it perhaps on the whole to be desired. For one, perhaps the, great benefit of sympathy is not the mere pleasure it affords, nor even its strange power to relieve the pressure of intense feeling, but the equalization which it brings about in our feelings through this very retrospective quality which so often makes it a little hard to accept. A friend standing outside of our own life and of its minor changes and

chances, but truly recognizing and sharing its deeper currents, becomes to us by that mere fact a sort of unconscious regulator. The most helpful sympathy is not necessarily the readiest, or even the most delicate; but that which is most truly proportioned, taking part with what is deep and permanent against transient surface agitations, and so helping to steady and elevate the general course of feeling. People do not generally see their own lives as a whole. The looker-on may know less, but he has the advantage of distance, which gives him a wider view. And to bring the feelings belonging to this more comprehensive view to bear upon the present vivid and perhaps exaggerated emotion is one of the best offices of friendship. It is, however, one of those offices which cannot be discharged by any mere immediate effort of will. It is rather the unconscious result and reward of a past course of faithful and patient attention to our friend's interests that, when some sudden gust of feeling threatens to drive him from his moorings, he may find in us a steady anchorage, binding him to his more lasting aims. Some sympathy lies so deep and is so unchanging that it looks at times like indifference; but we go back and back to it as to nature herself, and we scarcely know till after the experience of long years how much we owe to it, how we have been calmed and strengthened and unconsciously cheered by the never-failing hopefulness and trust which ignored our little weaknesses, and seemed deaf to many a passing complaint. Other friends may give a readier response to each movement of our minds; may seem, and may really be, quicker to comprehend the bearing on our feeling of each passing occurrence; but the very quickness of their sympathy may come to be a burden and a disturbance if it be applied indiscriminately to the temper we are trying to attain and the impulses we are struggling to resist. We know that the smiles and the tears which are so ready for us are just as much at the service of the next comer, and we ungratefully conclude that they cannot mean much, or even suspect them of being partly mechanical. Great readiness of response seems to imply a mobility of temper which is perhaps hardly compatible with the depth of feeling and of principle which go to make up what may be called organic sympathy. Where this is wanting the

slighter reflection of our moods soon palls, and even becomes irritating at times. Sympathy, indeed, is one of the qualities which depend for their value upon something deeper than themselves. It is, at its best, the result of participation, not only in emotion, but in that deeper part of feeling which has become character.

What we want, or ought to want, in a perfect friend is, above all, an ally for our best self — an ally against our own faults and weaknesses as well as against the world. If to this alliance can be added a sympathy so minute and flexible as to reflect our lightest emotion and to quiver with every passing ripple of apprehension, of fun, or of regret, which crosses our minds, we are indeed singularly blessed. But life is not so rich that we can afford to reject or despise lower degrees of helpfulness. As we grow older we learn to welcome and to enjoy many a clumsy expression of good will, at which inexperienced youth would chafe or wince; and amongst other things we discover the value of yesterday's sympathy. If it has been a little slow in reaching us, still we know now that even light does not travel so fast as might have been expected, and the distance from star to star may not be greater than that which is placed by the mysterious encumbrances of life between soul and soul. We learn to accept the inevitable imperfections of human sympathy; but we may also learn to avoid some unnecessary aggravations of them. One great lesson in this direction is that whenever our sympathy is excited, not so much by a simple expression of present feeling as by what that feeling implies of past joy or sorrow, we shall do well to be cautious in giving utterance to it. A certain vagueness is not unbecoming to the most genuine feelings when they are perhaps a little out of date, and sympathy in arrear should not be too articulate.

Why, indeed, should we ever without necessity try to pack our sympathy into anything so narrow and imperfect as language? A silent responsiveness, a diffused and respectful tenderness of manner, is more gratifying, as well as safer, in nine cases out of ten, than any attempt to express sympathy in words. But words will come, and must be spoken. Only in cases of any delicacy the fewer, the simpler, and the less personal they are, the safer — we will not say the better.